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SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE

Final Draft Screenplay

by

Stephen Geller

Based on the novel

by

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

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SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE

FADE IN

1 INT. BILLY'S RUMPUS ROOM - DAY

On a white screen the following is typed. Sound of typewriter over.

Dear Editor:

After some reflection I'm afraid that in my last letter to you I didn't adequately explain my relationship to time.

I have come unstuck.

That is to say, I might go to sleep tonight in 1972 and wake up back in World War II. Or walk through a door in 1965 and come out in my childhood.

This really isn't as much fun as it might sound. Mostly because I have no control over it, so I don't know what part of my life I'm going to end up in next.

However, there are compensations. Tralfamadore, for instance, as I explained in my last letter....

CUT TO

2 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY - TITLE SEQUENCE - 1971

Title will appear spaced out over scenes 2 through 6.

A car slews down a driveway through a stand of lovely trees and comes to rest in a circular drive in front of a medium-sized neo-colonial house set on the edge of a lake.

CUT TO

3 INT. BARBARA'S CAR

A newspaper lies on the front seat of the car and a girl's hand snatches it away as the door opens.

CUT TO

4 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE

Barbara, jumping out of the driver's seat, carrying the paper, and heads for the front door like a dreadnaught. She is actually a fairly pretty girl, a little chunky. She is also shrewish when excited and overly dramatic by nature. She

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

carries about with her an invisible friend (not her husband, who is also somewhat invisible), to whom she rolls her eyes, shrugs and generally exhibits the stupidity of the world around them.

Stanley follows her out of the car. He is tall, gentle, ineffectual and kind of nice. Barbara rings the doorbell and waits impatiently. Then she raps and calls out.

BARBARA
Daddy? Daddy, are you home?

STANLEY
Maybe he isn't.

BARBARA
Of course he is! Daddy!

STANLEY
Find him?

BARBARA
Do I look as if I've found him? Honestly!

She crosses to the living room window, and peers in.

CUT TO

5 INT. LIVING ROOM

Inside the living room looking out, as Barbara peers in the patio doors. She carries on a running commentary with Stanley, ordering him to look in at the porch, see if the car is in the garage, etc.

CUT TO

6 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE

Back of house, through the laundry room window.

We see Barbara come around the back and now she starts to search in various places for a key that might be left for the back door. She finally gets a stool and stands on it to reach a hiding place over the top of the back stoop and unearths a key. By this time she is genuinely worried and she is approaching hysteria. Opens the back door and comes into the kitchen.

7 INT. BILLY'S KITCHEN

BARBARA
Daddy? Daddy, where are you?

CUT TO

8 INT. BILLY'S RUMPUS ROOM

On the screen appears a pair of wide and wondrous eyes. They look up. The typing stops.

BARBARA
(off)
Daddy? Are you upstairs?

The eyes look sharply away from the typewriter.

CUT TO

9 INT. GEODESIC DOME-D - MONTANA WILDHACK - 1972

She is on Tralfamadore, reading a magazine, humming to herself softly. She looks up, directly into camera, smiles and winks.

CUT TO

10 INT. BILLY'S RUMPUS ROOM - EYES - 1971

They smile back at her and return the wink. Then there is the sound of a rumbling approaching engine. The eyes turn swiftly in that direction, alarmed.

CUT TO

11 EXT. FIELD - BELGIUM, 1944 - A GERMAN HALF TRACK - DECEMBER

rumbling through a field in Belgium. There is debris of recent battle in the area.

CUT TO

12 EYES - 1944

following the half track. We pull back to see Billy Pilgrim, age 20. He has made no effort to conceal himself; in fact he appears to be waltzing in the snow, turning circles and going crazy. He is hallucinating.

He has no helmet, overcoat, weapon or boots, but he trails after him a beat-up army blanket. The heel of his civilian shoe is missing, which makes him bob up and down. He looks like a filthy flamingo.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

The typing starts again, under:

BARBARA
(off)
Father!

CUT TO

13 INT. BILLY'S RUMPUS ROOM - BILLY PILGRIM - 1971

age 48, typing at a table in the Pilgrim home's rumpus room. He has little hair left and is wearing tri-focal glasses. He is typing rapidly, and seems pleased with what is coming out.

BARBARA'S VOICE
(off, her voice rising in hysteria)
Daddy, where are you?
(to someone else)
Stanley, he isn't here! We should never have left him here alone. If anything has happened to him I'll never forgive myself, Daddy!

A sudden burst of machine gun fire (an exaggeration of the typing sound).

CUT TO

14 EXT. FIELD AND DITCH - BELGIUM - DAY - BILLY IN THE WAR AGAIN - 1944

He stops short, puzzled. He looks around.

We see nothing. Nothing but snow. Nothing but white. A living death.

Billy scratches his head. He looks down.

A hand seems to be moving out of the snow, reaching for his foot.

He stares, fascinated.

The hand grabs his pantleg, then his ankle and begins yanking him.

The camera tumbles as Billy falls into a ditch.

At the same time there is another burst of machine gun fire (typewriter).

BARBARA'S VOICE
Daddy, is that you down there? Stanley, somebody's typing down there! Daddy, is that you?

CUT TO

15 INT. BILLY'S RUMPUS ROOM - BILLY - 1971

again seated by his typewriter. He stops typing, takes out what he has done and stands slowly, reading it over.

CUT TO

16 INT. KITCHEN AND STAIRS - BARBARA

at the top of the steps to the basement. Once she has discovered her father she enjoys the hell out of playing the subsequent scene which one must feel she has been rehearsing to herself most of the morning.

BARBARA
Daddy, what on earth are you doing down there?
(calling)
Stanley? Stanley, I found him.
(to Billy as he mounts the stairs)
What were you doing down there? Do you know its freezing in this house? Is the heat on?

BILLY
Um?

BARBARA
The heat! The furnace. You're a child, Daddy, if we leave you alone here anymore you'll freeze to death, you'll starve to death. I just don't know what to do about you.
(to Stanley)
I don't know what to do about him.

Stanley, Barbara's husband, a nondescript young man in his late twenties comes into the kitchen where Barbara stands waiting for Billy to come up. She is holding a newspaper folded over to an inside section. Billy appears at the top of the stairs.

BARBARA
Have you seen this morning's paper?

BILLY
No, I've been down....

She interrupts him by dramatically holding it out to him.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

BARBARA
I want to know if you wrote that.

BILLY
(taking it, already pleased)
Did they print it?

Barbara rolls her eyes at Stanley.

BARBARA
You see?

STANLEY
You actually wrote that, Dad?

BILLY
(reading it happily)
Um. Um.

STANLEY AND BARBARA
(together)
But it's some kind of a joke, isn't it? I mean that's what I said to Barbara, you're pulling everybody's leg. I said your father just has a wild sense of humor, that's all.
(Barbara wins)
Joke, what kind of a joke is that, for God's sake!

BILLY
(still reading, absently)
It's not a joke.

BARBARA
Daddy, there is no such planet as Tril...Tril...Trilfloomadork....

BILLY
Tralfamadore.

BARBARA
There is no such place!

BILLY
It can't be detected from Earth, if that's what you mean. Earth can't be detected from Tralfamadore, as far as that goes. They're both very small and very far apart.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED - 2

BARBARA
Tramafala...why do you call it that for God's sake!

BILLY
Because that's what they call it.

BARBARA
Daddy! Everyone in town has read this! We're an absolute laughing stock! Four of my girl friends called me this morning and said they read it!

BILLY
(still reading)
I hope it made some sense to them.

Barbara snatches the paper away from him.

BARBARA
Gimme that, godammit!

She puts her hand to her forehead trying to calm herself.

STANLEY
Dad, why can't we sit down and talk about this like rational human beings?

BILLY
I'd be delighted to.

STANLEY
Now. You say you actually visit this planet?

BILLY
Yes. That's right.

BARBARA
(her own scene in the back-ground)
It's the crash that did it. You were never like this before the crash and Mama died.

STANLEY
Well, I mean, do you just leave here and go there for days or weeks, I mean, do you actually leave here?

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED - 3

BILLY
You wouldn't actually miss me because it's all done in micro-seconds. Actually I didn't really explain that very well in that letter, that's why I wrote this other one this morning....

BARBARA
You left the hospital too soon, I know it; I told those damn doctors you were getting out too soon.

BARBARA
Oh my God! Another one!

BILLY
You see, my friends in Tralfamadore look at time in a different way. They say that Einstein came as close as any Earthling has ever come....

BARBARA
EARTHLING!

BILLY
...to understanding the true nature of time. I don't really understand it myself, but I move around in time so I can be several places at once even in my own life. I have no control over it. For example this morning I was back in the war for....

BARBARA
DADDY!
(Billy stops, looks at her; tears are in her eyes)
You don't really believe all that, do you?

BILLY
(sweetly)
Barbara, if I didn't believe it, wouldn't I be crazy to write it to the papers?

Barbara and Stanley look at each other, stunned. A look of agreement passes between them, and Stanley starts again, sincerely, sympathetically.

STANLEY
Dad, I guess what Barbara and I would really like to know is....

CUT TO

17 EXT. FIELD AND DITCH - 1944

that Billy Pilgrim has fallen into in WW II. From his point of view we see two American Soldiers. One, named Roland Weary, is fat clumsy and absurdly bundled up. He is holding a colt .45 in one hand and Billy's throat in the other. The second soldier, Paul Lazzaro, is a thin, angular young paranoid. He stares at Billy with gleamingly bizarre hatred.

LAZZARO
...who the fuck are you?

WEARY
(almost simul-
taneously)
Where the fuck you going?

Billy opens his mouth, but it is stuffed by:

LAZZARO
What the fuck's your outfit?

BILLY
I don't know.

WEARY
At least the sonofabitch can talk.

LAZZARO
(suspiciously)
You dunno? How come?

BILLY
I moved up last night, and the tanks hit us, and we were cut off....

LAZZARO
Lessee your dog tag, soldier.

As Billy fumbles:

WEARY
Lessee it!

BILLY
Geez, I can't find it.

LAZZARO
He's a Kraut.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

BILLY
I must've lost it. I'm always losing things. Or maybe I took it off when I washed up last night, when I got to my outfit. But then the attack started and I don't know what happened except we got cut off and....

WEARY
He don't look like one.

LAZZARO
They dress up in American uniforms. They infiltrate Kraut bastards, they infiltrate.

WEARY
Where's his gun?

LAZZARO
He don't need no fucking gun to infiltrate. Kill him!

WEARY
Christ!

LAZZARO
Blast him!

Billy's consciousness is finally punctured.

BILLY
I'm an <u>American</u>!

LAZZARO
Prove it.

BILLY
Prove it?

LAZZARO
Prove it. You're an American -- <u>prove</u> it!

BILLY
(weakly)
Babe Ruth.

WEARY
Shit, Babe Ruth!

LAZZARO
Fucking Kraut.

WEARY
Who plays third for the Tigers?

BILLY
The Tigers? The <u>Detroit</u> Tigers!

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - 2

He stares at them, while:

LAZZARO
(to Weary)
Who is it?

WEARY
I dunno.

LAZZARO
Why the fuck did you ask?

WEARY
It came into my head.

LAZZARO
(disgusted)
Ahhh!

BILLY
(carefully)
Fellas....

WEARY
Where's your weapon, soldier?

BILLY
I don't have one. They didn't issue....

WEARY
Everyone's got one.

BILLY
I'm an assistant.

WEARY
(to Lazzaro)
He's an assistant.

BILLY
Chaplain. Assistant chaplain.

WEARY
Protestant?

LAZZARO
Catholic?

They look at each other, almost hostile, while:

BILLY
The chaplain's Episcopalian. That's almost like being a Catholic, except that they're Protestants, except that I don't really belong to any particular....

17 CONTINUED - 3

Weary stops the flow by pulling out a vicious-looking three-sided knife and holding it to Billy's throat. Billy freezes in terror.

WEARY
What's your name, soldier?

BILLY
Pilgrim Billy. Seven-three-eight....

WEARY
You know why this got three sides, Pilgrim?

Billy gulps and shakes his head.

WEARY
Makes a slit that won't close up.

BILLY
Gee, that's great....

WEARY
You stick a G.I. knife in a guy, makes a slit, right?

BILLY
(on the sheer edge of hysteria)
Right.

LAZZARO
Slit closes up, right?

BILLY
Right....

WEARY
This makes a three-sided slit.

LAZZARO
It kills ya, Pilgrim.

A body tumbles into the ditch, rolls over, and springs up magically before Billy.

In terror, Billy covers his face with his hands.

Weary, Lazzaro and the "body" -- a Corporal -- stare at Billy.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - 4

CORPORAL
What's that?

WEARY
Chaplain's Assistant.

CORPORAL
No shit!

He pulls Billy's hand from his face.

CORPORAL
What's your name?

WEARY
His name's Pilgrim.

CORPORAL
Pilgrim, you know how to pray?

Billy tries to nod.

LAZZARO
He's a fucking Episcopalian or something.

CORPORAL
Then, start praying.

BILLY
Anything special?

CORPORAL
Suit yourself, but make it good.

Billy starts reciting a grabbag of prayers and psalms, continuing behind:

WEARY
Where the hell are we?

CORPORAL
In Belgium, stupid!

LAZZARO
Listen, Corp, don't fuck around. You tell Paul Lazzaro where we are....

CORPORAL
We're in the middle of Krauts, you wop asshole.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - 5

LAZZARO
You got us here. Get us out.

BILLY
Look, why don't you guys go on without me?
(nobody listens to him)

WEARY
Hey cut it, Lazzaro.

LAZZARO
(verge of hysteria)
Get us out!

CORPORAL
Shut your fucking dago mouth and lissen. There's a road, coupla hundred yards compass reading two-two-zero. On the other side's a farmhouse, looks empty, no tracks leading to it. I'm going to scout that farmhouse, hear, and if it's clear I'll fire my carbine -- three times, spaced. Got it?

WEARY
Got it.

The Corporal climbs out of the ditch and is gone. Lazzaro peers after him suspiciously.

LAZZARO
That son-of-a-bitch ditches us, I'll kill him.

A silence.

BILLY
We could surrender.

WEARY
(glaring)
What?

BILLY
We could surrender, couldn't we? All we'd have to do is....

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - 6

WEARY
(grabs him by the throat)
Listen, me and the corporal and the dago, we're Americans, we don't surrender! Got that? The three Musketeers don't surrender!

Lazzaro cautiously peers over the edge.

LAZZARO
He's took off.

CUT TO

18 INT. GEODESIC DOME - NIGHT - TIGHT CLOSE UP - 1971

of Billy, profile. He is lying in a comfortable bed. He is 46. There is a sky in the b.g., an open dome through which is revealed the Universe at night, stars, galaxies, moons. We hear a female voice:

FEMALE VOICE
Honey?

BILLY
Um.

VOICE
Time-tripping again?

BILLY
Uh huh.

VOICE
I can always tell, you know. When you've been time-tripping.

BILLY
Um.

Raising beside him on an elbow is the lovely Montana Wildhack. She regards him fondly, a little worried.

MONTANA
You were back in the war, weren't you? I can tell that, too.

Billy nods, smiles at her.

CUT TO

19 EXT. FIELD AND DITCH - LAZZARO - 1944

sinks back into the ditch from his position of watchfulness. His eyes burn with paranoid fire. He ignores the barking of a dog, coming ever closer.

LAZZARO
That corporal. He'll get home after the war. He'll be a big hero. The dames'll be climbing all over him. A coupla years go by. And then one day there'll be a knock on his door and there'll be this stranger. 'Paul Lazzaro sent me', the stranger'll say. And he'll pull out a gun and shoot his pecker off. The stranger'll give him a couple o' seconds to think about who Paul Lazzaro is and what life's gonna be like without a pecker. Then he'll shoot him once in the guts and walk away.

He turns and glares at Billy.

CUT TO

20 INT. GEODESIC DOME - NIGHT - MONTANA AND BILLY - 1972

MONTANA
Time travel's a bitch for you, honey, particularly the war.

BILLY
I can't help it. I get unstuck.

MONTANA
Yeah, well why don't you come here to old mothuh Montana and we'll see if we can't keep you stuck right here for a while....

He smiles and rolls towards her.

MONTANA
How about a little kiss?

BILLY
A little kiss?

CUT TO

21 EXT. FIELD AND DITCH - PAUL LAZZARO - 1944

glaring at Billy.

LAZZARO
A what!

CUT TO

22 BILLY - 1944

eyes closed, back in WW II again.

BILLY
A little kiss?

LAZZARO
Goddam!

Lazzaro belts him, ineffectually. That opens Billy's eyes.

LAZZARO
Goddam fag, faggot, fucking fairy fag!

BILLY
Whazza matter?

LAZZARO
(to Weary)
He tried to kiss me.

WEARY
No kidding?

LAZZARO
Freaking fag fairy.

BILLY
I wasn't....

Lazzaro grabs his cock.

LAZZARO
(triumphantly; loud)
It's hard! The fag's gotta hardon!

BILLY
(wrenching away)
Cut it out!

LAZZARO
Dontcha like it, fag?

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

BILLY
No!

LAZZARO
(to Weary)
He said lemme kiss ya....

BILLY
I wasn't talking to you.

LAZZARO
Who then?

How do you answer that?

LAZZARO
(to Weary; game won)
See!

WEARY
I hate fags. There was this one back at Benning....

Lazzaro backs off, starting to aim his rifle. Weary knocks it down, with:

WEARY
Christ, Lazzaro! You want the Krauts on us? Huh? Use the knife.

At the same time:

BILLY
(babbling)
I was thinking of a girl! Lissen, fellas, I was just thinking of a girl. I was kinda imagining things and I was cold and I've gotta pee, geez, I gotta pee....

LAZZARO
Gimme it, gimme the knife.

WEARY
(fumbling)
Where the hell is it?

LAZZARO
C'mon, c'mon....

WEARY
I gave it to you....

LAZZARO
I give it back, ya stupid mick.

Billy stops, staring at Weary and Lazzaro, and suddenly all the hysteria begins to boil over, into laughter, getting louder and louder and louder....

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED - 2

WEARY
I can't find it!

LAZZARO
Ya stupid mick, I'm gonna have you killed!

WEARY
(at Billy)
Shaddup!!

He throws himself on Billy, trying to muffle him.

WEARY
We'll have the Krauts on us, shaddup....

LAZZARO
Kill him!

They are both on Billy now, trying to annihilate him.

And Billy continues to laugh, without really defending himself.

The three struggle in near-hypnotic slow motion, with the sunlight red, the sky grey, and the bark of a dog growing nearer and nearer.

Weary grabs Bill's head and is about to knee him when the dog bark becomes intense and feverishly loud. Weary and Lazzaro turn, looking up.

Pan fast from the Americans to give German soldiers -- peasants and farmers -- who stand, objectively watching this primitive version of an encounter group.

A scrawny, red-eyed Corporal holds out a finger and gestures for the Americans to come forward.

Weary, open-mouthed, drops Billy. He is terrified, and tries to speak. Then he raises his hands, backing away.

Lazzaro looks with terror at Weary...and also raises his hands.

A young androgynous angel-boy lifts up the chattering Billy, who smiles sweetly, crazily at him.

BILLY
(with chattering teeth)
Danke Schoen...

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED - 3

Lazzaro has followed him out of the ditch and Weary. The ratty, red-eyed corporal stops Weary and points at his boots.

CORPORAL
(in German)
Take off the boots.

Weary looks around confused, as Billy looks down to Weary's boots.

CUT TO

23 INT. JAMAICA HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - BILLY'S SHOES - 1947

At the foot of the bed. Camera pans past them, past a discarded wedding dress, crumpled morning suit. Over this the sound of heavy breathing, gradually subsiding. Then camera pans up the flanks of Valencia, Billy's new wife.

She is a huge woman, with a rather sweet baby fat face and huge saucer-like eyes.

Billy is beneath her, smiling.

Valencia rests her cheek against him.

VALENCIA
(with glistening eyes)
Thank you, Billy.

BILLY
You're welcome.

VALENCIA
You're wonderful. I'm glad I waited.

BILLY
I'm glad we waited too, Valencia.

VALENCIA
Otherwise it wouldn't have seemed the same tonight.

BILLY
No, it wouldn't.

VALENCIA
I know when you were in the war, well, I know you must have had... experiences.

BILLY
(he hasn't)
Well, actually, I....

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

VALENCIA
No, don't say anything about them, it was war time, and anyway, it's different for a man than a woman. I understand that. I'm just glad that we waited.

BILLY
So am I.

VALENCIA
It just...it just starts the whole marriage off on the right foot, you know what I mean?

BILLY
Yes.

VALENCIA
And you know what?

BILLY
What?

VALENCIA
I'm going to lose weight, Billy, just for you. Before, I needed a meaning. Now I've got it.

BILLY
Thank you.

VALENCIA
And you know what, Billy?

BILLY
What?

VALENCIA
(matter of factly)
I never thought anybody would marry me.

BILLY
I did.

VALENCIA
You did what?

BILLY
I married you.

VALENCIA
Oh, I know that...I mean, before.

BILLY
Before what?

23 CONTINUED - 2

VALENCIA
Before we were married, I didn't think anybody would marry me.

Billy smiles sympathetically.

VALENCIA
And guess what?

BILLY
What?

VALENCIA
I think we've just begun the life of a new hero....

Billy stops, puzzled, thoughtful.

BILLY
How can you tell?

VALENCIA
Because I'm a woman.

BILLY
Oh.

VALENICA
After I have the baby, I'll really go on a crash diet, believe me.

Billy looks toward the window.

CUT TO

24 EXT. RUINED VILLAGE - TRUCKING SHOT, BELGIUM - 1944

We are in a nearly completely destroyed Belgium village. On the balcony of one of the few buildings remaining whole are standing several German whores, looking down at the men marching by. A colonel steps to the side of one with a bottle in his hand and slips his arm around her waist. They seem amused by what they are observing.

CUT TO

25 thru 30 A COUPLE HUNDRED CAPTIVE AMERICAN SOLDIERS who are being marched down the main street of a small devastated town towards a railroad yard where a prison train awaits them. Through the streets in the opposite direction roar German tanks. The Americans are a haggard, pitiful lot. The soldiers who man the tanks appear violent, wind-burned. They are drinking, smoking cigars. Billy, Lazzaro and Weary are marching along with the Americans. Billy bumps into Weary.

BILLY
Beg pardon....

CONTINUED

25 thru 30 CONTINUED

Weary whimpers with pain, tears in his eyes. Billy looks at Weary's feet. He has no boots -- his feet are covered with rags, already blood-soaked.

WEARY
Jesus, Pilgrim!

BILLY
I won't bump into you again....

He turns away, with glazed eyes. The Colonel is standing above them, his arm around the whore. He smirks contemptuously at Billy. Billy smiles back politely. And crashes into Weary again.

WEARY
(in agony)
Jesus!! Walk right, will you....!?

LAZZARO
Bump into him again, you sonofo-
bitch, and I'll have your ass!....

They continue down street crowded with German troops rushing to the front.

31 TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS

grab Billy from the line and set him before a stationary motion picture camera. They cue several guards who grab Billy and push him into a bombed-out building that is mostly rubble. Billy smiles at the guards, as the photographer shouts:

PHOTOGRAPHER
(in German)
Go ahead!

And the photographer slugs Billy on the chin, sending him into the rubble as we:

CUT TO

32 EXT. PILGRIM BUILDING - DAY - ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPHER - 1958

in front in the Pilgrim Building was an 8x10 still camera with flashbulbs. It is summer, 1958. Barbara and Robert are 10 and 9. Billy, holding a huge pair of scissors to cut a tape, Valencia, Billy's father-in-law, Lionel Merble, are posing for photographers in front of a new, modern Medical Building in Illium. Standing about in admiring groups are employees, other doctors, wives, etc. There is a large sign in evidence across the front of the building that says PILGRIM BUILDING.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

During all of the following, the photographers are posing the family group and giving them instructions to smile, etc., and several fast flash photographs are taken. These will be frozen after every flash, into black and white stills, and the dialogue will continue and be picked up again in action in color causing a straight jump cut.

VALENCIA
Oh, Billy, I can't believe it....

LIONEL
It's mighty impressive, Billy. And believe me, I don't want anything from my son-in-law except a piece of the kitty.

First photo freeze.

LIONEL (over)
No, sir, nothing but a piece of the kitty!
(more laughter)

Jump cut to same angle.

BILLY
I want to show you the system I worked out inside, Lye. In each of the seven offices, the lights on the outside....

Second flash and freeze in black and white.

BILLY
...will tell you which offices are being used, what degree of work is being finished and so on.

Image back to action in color.

BILLY
Then we've got the optometry work rooms in the back and full frame selection in a special showroom.

LIONEL
Wonderful, wonderful...beautifully planned, Billy.

VALENCIA
Oh, Billy, I just can't believe it.

She hugs his arm and leans up to whisper to him as the third flash catches them and the picture freezes in black and white closeup, with her mouth next to his ear.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED - 2

VALENCIA
(in whisper)
Honey, I'm going to lose weight, I promise, just for you. You just won't believe how sexy I'm going to be....

CUT TO

32-A GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHER IN ACTION

PHOTOGRAPHER
(in German)
Come forwards with your hands up!

Billy comes out of the rubble with his hands up, while the guards hold guns on him. The image freezes in black and white and a caption underneath appears: AMERICA IS SCRAPING THE BARREL.

The image comes unfrozen and full of color again.

32-B BILLY

is tossed back into line.

CUT TO

33 EXT. RAILROAD SIDING AND TRAIN - DAY

We are face to florid face with "Wild Bob," a feverish hollow-eyed Colonel, with a rasping wheezing voice and a wracking cough. His cheeks burn with fever and his eyes are bright. As the men are marched past him towards the waiting box cars, he comes towards them, pursued by German guards. (X)

COLONEL (X)
All you dog faces from the four-fifty-first over here! Fall in line here! It's your old Colonel, boys! It's Wild Bob!

The line of prisoners, beaten and exhausted and cold, trudge on past him without stopping.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

COLONEL (X)
The four fifty-first? Some of you boys are from the four fifty-first?

He fastens on Billy who seems to be the only one who has even evinced a mild curiosity in him. He walks alongside him, taking his arm.

COLONEL (X)
You, soldier, I know you, don't I? What's your name soldier?

BILLY
Pilgrim, sir.

COLONEL (X)
Pilgrim, of course I remember you! Damn fine rifleman, Pilgrim. One of the best in the four fifty first. First in war first in peace....

The German guard has caught up with him, and now tries to detach him from Billy.

GUARD
(German)
Back in line, there, walk up there.

The line has slowed down as the head of it starts loading into the box cars.

COLONEL (X)
(to Guard)
Let go of me, goddam it! An officer's place is with his men! My men need me and I'm staying with them!
(he pulls loose again)
Don't worry, it's your old Colonel, boys! Wild Bob is with you! No formalities. At ease! At ease! By God, Wild Bob's proud of you. There are dead Germans all over the place wishing to God they never heard of the four....

He is interrupted by a terrible spasm of coughing. The guards support him. When it is finished:

GUARD
(firmly, in German)
You must go to the Officer train.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED - 2

COLONEL (X)
(weakened by the coughing)
I'll stay with my boys.

GUARD
(in German)
No. No. Officer -- Officer.

COLONEL (X)
All right. All right.

Suddenly he sees Billy as Billy is climbing into the box car and breaks for him, putting his hand on his arm.

COLONEL (X)
By God, boy, you're a good soldier. You'll come through this all right, you'll see. And when you get to Cody, Wyoming, just ask for Wild Bob! We'll have one hell of a reunion!

He breaks into another coughing spell and allows himself to be taken away, still waving at his men.

LAZZARO
A fag frolic in Wyoming. I'll be there, Pilgrim -- waiting for you.

They are herded into the box car. In the background we have seen soldiers being herded in, the doors shut, while German soldiers scribble blue chalk directions on them.

34 INT. BOX CAR #1

In the corner of the box car:

Billy finds himself jammed next to a thin, middle-aged man, who seems to be talking to himself or to anyone who will listen. He smiles at Billy.

HOBO
Think this is bad? This ain't so bad. I been in lots worse spots than this. Troy, winter of '37. Cold? I tell you....

Billy nods politely, tries to curl up in his blanket. The hobo keeps nodding, talking, smiling.

HOBO
Or take the time Joe Watkins and me decked a yardbull in White River Junction.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

HOBO (Cont'd)
Had us in the pen for three weeks in our skivvies...woulda caught pneumonia, we hadn't jumped the place when they sent us up to Burlington to check us out. Last I heard Joe was somewheres on the Allagash, but hell, I ~~took the~~ Pennsy where I could see some sun. You try that sometime, pal...Try that sometime in February of 1934, then see if you think this is so bad. There are plenty of worse places, believe me....

Billy has tucked himself into a fetal position under the blanket. The sound of the hobo becomes muffled as Billy pulls the blanket over his eyes, the boxcar door slams and there is

35 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ~~NIGHT~~ DAY (DARKNESS (1946))

MOTHER'S VOICE
He was at the top of his class in Optometry School when this happened.

ROSEWATER'S VOICE
I don't doubt it, Mrs. Pilgrim.

Underneath the covers of a hospital bed. One corner is slightly raised and through it we can see a hospital bedside table with the usual utensils, glass of water, vase of flowers, etc.

Sitting beside the bed is a benign and wrinkled apple who is Billy's mother. In the next bed is another patient, Elliot Rosewater, a large, intensely sympathetic man. They are both looking towards the small opening in the covers. The windows beyond are covered in mesh.

MOTHER
The doctor says it's a case of nervous exhaustion.

ROSEWATER
I'm sure that's all it is.

BILLY — MOTHER
I think it was the war.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

ROSEWATER
That certainly could have had a lot to do with it.

MOTHER
But he had some awful experiences. He was in Dresden when it was bombed. His closest friend was killed there.

ROSEWATER
Dreadful.

MOTHER
And his father has passed on too, you know, while Billy was in training.

ROSEWATER
A boy <u>needs</u> a father.

MOTHER
But I always knew that God would bring Billy home safe to me. Every night I prayed, Mr. Rosewater, even though we don't belong to a church of our choice.

ROSEWATER
We are all in God's hands, dear.

MOTHER
(pause)
Billy? Billy, Mama's here, won't you come out?

There is no reply. Mrs. Pilgrim sighs.

MOTHER
He is engaged to a very rich girl. Her name is Valencia. Valencia Merble? Her father is Lionel Merble, he owns the Illium School of Optometry -- where Billy was going?

ROSEWATER
Indeed?

MOTHER
(leaning towards him, whispering)
He's also building a brand new home for them out on the lake for a wedding present. It's a surprise.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED - 2

ROSEWATER
(also whispering)
What a wonderful thing for him to do!

MOTHER
If Billy would only come out...he could enjoy this.

ROSEWATER
Perhaps if you told him the war is over, dear, he might just do that....

MOTHER
Billy? Billy, sweetheart, the war is over, you can come out now....

Sound of rails clicking.

CUT TO

36 1944 - IN THE BOX CAR - BILLY - NIGHT

peering out from under his blanket. He looks up. The Hobo smiles at him.

HOBO
I can be comfortable anywhere, know that? Something you got to learn. Been in lots worse places. That's what you got to remember. The worse places -- like Duluth in March -- with the wind off the lake, then this won't be so bad, see?

He keeps mumbling, smiling, nodding.

Billy moves away, but a hand clutches his leg. Billy looks down and sees a wretched pair of bloody gangrenous feet. Then a suffering Weary who is clutching at Billy's pants.

WEARY
You killed me, you sonofabitch....

Weary tries to sit up. Lazzaro helps him.

WEARY
You call my mom and dad in Pittsburgh, see? You tell them I died and that you killed me. The sonofabitch killed one of the Three Musketeers!

Billy tries to move further away.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

Weary settles back, delirious. Lazzaro takes Weary's head and cradles it in his arms.

LAZZARO
Weary, this is Paul Lazzaro, the last of the Three Musketeers. I'll get revenge for you, Weary. Did I ever tell you what happened to the dog?

Weary keeps muttering, deliriously. He is talking incomprehensively, which doesn't matter in the least to Lazzaro, who isn't really listening.

LAZZARO
Sonofabitch dog bit me. So I got some steak, and I got me the spring out of a clock, and I cut that spring up in little pieces and I stuck 'em into the steak, way inside, and I went to where they had that dog tied up, and I said, 'Hey, I'm not mad, let's be friends,' and I threw him the steak, and I waited around for ten minutes till he started crying and the blood came out his mouth and he tried to bite out his own insides, and I said to him, 'That's me in there with those knives, boy.'

He strokes Weary's face, gently.

LAZZARO
(softly)
Anybody asks you the sweetest thing in the world... it's revenge.

Weary's head falls back. He's dead.

In fear, Billy moves back. Lazzaro's eyes burn into him.

LAZZARO
Weary's dead, Pilgrim...!

Billy closes his eyes.

37 INT. SHOCK ROOM OF A MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY - 1946

The camera looks straight down on a table on which Billy lies, stretched out. We are also looking down on the tops of the heads of the Doctor and his assistants and a small group of interns who accompany him.

As the Doctor speaks the camera moves down slowly to end up in a very tight, tight closeup of Billy's forehead.

DOCTOR
(referring to a chart)
The patient here has been suffering from a trauma which we think can be successfully treated by electric shock. We have prescribed a first series of 12 and we are up to number seven.

His Assistants have tied Billy securely to the table, fastened the electrodes and place a spindle in Billy's mouth as the camera starts down.

DOCTOR
The patient was a prisoner of war in Dresden when it was bombed. He claims that well over a hundred thousand people were burned to death in the fire -- worse than Hiroshima -- and since Billy was actually there it's natural enough to assume that this has had a contributing effect on his present condition. At the same time we don't want to discount entirely the possibility that the basic trauma stems from incidents in his early childhood, possibly even before his birth... Go ahead.

As he gives the signal to throw the switch, Billy goes into convulsion, we penetrate into his brain and we see:

38 THE WAR - 1945 - STOCK

Run backwards on newsreel footage.

39 AMERICAN PLANES - STOCK

Full of holes are stuffed with wounded men and corpses take off backwards from an airfield in England.

40 OVER FRANCE - STOCK

A few German fighter planes fly at them backwards, sucking bullets and shell fragments from some of the planes and the crewmen.

They do the same for wrecked American bombers on the ground, and those planes fly up backwards to join the formation.

The formation flies backwards over a German City in flames. The bombers open their bomb bay doors, exert a miraculous magnetism, which shrinks the fires, gathers them into cylindrical steel containers into the bellies of the planes. The containers are stored neatly in racks. The Germans below have miraculous devices of their own, which are long steel tubes. They use them to suck more fragments from the Crewmen and planes. But there are still a few wounded Americans, though, and some of the bombers are in bad repair. Over France, German fights come up again, make everything and everybody good as new.

When the bombers get back to their base, the steel cylinders are taken from their racks and shipped back to the United States.

40-A THE AMERICAN FLIERS - 1944

turn in their uniforms, unswear their swearing in and become high school kids.

40-B BILLY - 1929

is among them and he gets back from kindergarten where he has been crying and is reunited with his mother.

40-C IN A HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - 1924 - STOCK

he is taken as an infant and safely tucked back into his mother's womb.

Where he is safe.

And it is dark.

41 EXT. DETENTION CAMP AND TRAIN - NIGHT - 1944 LOC.

In the darkness a train screeches to a halt, and the doors open. A thin light peeps into the box car. A Guard pokes his head in and begins cooing in German.

The Prisoners begin to rise and file out stiffly.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

Except for Roland Weary, who is dead, and for the Hobo, who is dead too.

41-A BILLY SET

waits, watches.

41-B BILLY'S ANGLE LOCATION

From his point of view we see the others leave.

42 EXT. DETENTION CAMP AND TRAIN - NIGHT

Billy steps over the corpse of Weary and approaches the door. The Guard helps him down.

BILLY
Danke Schoen....

43 EXT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT

From Billy's point of view we see a detention camp. Turrets and barbed wire. There is a stack of clothing from which the Guards are handing coats to those among the prisoners who do not have them. (Duplicate stack of clothing and Guards at both locations.)

44 BILLY

gets a civilian coat with a fur collar. It is ridiculously short, and the collar stands out frozen stiff. The others are all wearing soldiers' coats. One guard looks at Billy and laughs, nudging another guard. Soon all the guards are laughing at Billy. Billy smiles back, until he looks beyond them to where the guards are unloading stiff, frozen bodies from the boxcar. Among them is Wild Bob Cody.

CUT TO

45 INT. INDUCTION ROOM AND SHOWER

A shrilly lit room where the Americans are all taking off their clothes. There is a desk at which sits a one-armed, one-eyed corporal with a ledger and a pile of dog tags in front of him, which he hands to the prisoners. He is addressing Lazzaro.

GUARD
Name?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

LAZZARO
Paul Lazzaro.

GUARD
Parents?

LAZZARO
I don't got no family.

GUARD
To whom do we send the number in case of death?

LAZZARO
To the King of Poland.

GUARD
(coldly)
This is your tag. Do not forget it.

Lazzaro snatches the dog tag from him and moves over to where Billy has undressed. He grabs Billy by the arm.

LAZZARO
Want it now, Pilgrim? Or would you like it in the morning? Huhh?

BILLY
I didn't kill Weary, can't you understand?

He grins, then shoves Billy forward. A Guard grabs Lazzaro and throws him to the ground.

LAZZARO
Hey, hey, why me....?

GUARD
Vy you? Vy anybody?

LAZZARO
You're on my list, man.

A middle-aged Man, also naked, reaches down and helps Lazzaro up. His name is Edgar Derby, and he seems strangely out of place among these young soldiers.

DERBY
Gear down, fella...These Germans can be awfully mean....

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED - 2

LAZZARO
Yeah, well, they don't know Paul Lazzaro....

Derby grabs Lazzaro's arm and looks at him with deep meaning. Billy is listening to this. Something attracts Billy to Derby. His good intentions. His age. His confidence. And his dumb good will.

DERBY
Listen now: we Americans have got to stick together!

Billy nods, delighted that Derby's bromide might save his life.

LAZZARO
Who are <u>you</u>, Pop?

DERBY
(holding out his hand)
Edgar Derby.

LAZZARO
Yeah, well, I got something for <u>you</u> to stick, Derby....

Two guards begin herding Derby and Billy and the others towards the shower. Lazzaro backs away beginning to strip, the guard whacks him with a truncheon, and Lazzaro backs away more, dragging his pants and trying to get undressed.

LAZZARO
(over this action)
Hey, listen when you start messing around with...hey, jesuschrist, you fuckin' goon, can't you see I'm trying to get out of the clothes, what you want wimme? Hey, cut it out! Wahdayawant, huh? Huh?

CUT TO

46 BILLY AND DERBY

enter the shower among the other naked men. Billy looks up to a shower head.

47 INT. INDOOR POOL AND SHOWER - DAY - CLOSEUP SHOWER HEAD - 1932

Water crashes out of the shower head, and we pan down to see a small naked boy, about eight, young Billy Pilgrim.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

The water stops and he is scooped up by a large, hairy mustachoied man. The action is slightly sped up.

In the background a gramaphone plays a Rudy Vallee record.

The man, Billy's father, carries him through a group of other pot-bellied men towards an indoor pool.

FATHER
Here we go, Billy!

The camera stays close on Billy's terrified face, his eyes tightly shut. The other men shout their encouragement.

OTHERS
(ad lib)
That's the way to do it, Jim!
That's how I learned!
It'll make a man of him!
My father did it to me, believe me,
I learned fast, etc.

More laughter. Billy's father reaches the end of the pool and flings Billy high into the air and into the pool.

FATHER
It's sink or swim, Billy, don't forget to kick....

The underwater camera picks him up; without a struggle, Billy lets air out and sinks gently past the camera leaving a trail of air bubbles. The camera tilts up to a bright light above the pool, seen through the water. We hear "Links, recht, links, recht" as the camera tilts down from:

48 EXT. DETENTION CAMP - NIGHT - DETENTION CAMP STREET LIGHT - 1944

We see the prisoners being led through the prison camp at night, being led by several guards.

We truck beside Billy and Derby as they march parallel to the barbed wire fences. On the other side we see dozens of radium dial round faces in the darkness. Billy looks at Derby for an explanation.

DERBY
Russian prisoners.

Billy looks back at the Russians, thin, wasted, near-corpses.

GUARD'S VOICE
Halt!

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

GUARD
Halt!

Derby, Lazzaro, Billy and the rest of the Americans stop.

GUARD
You will remain here, please!

From their point of view we see a large shed, different from the others. It has a chimney from which bright sparks jump merrily into the darkness.

Billy, Derby and the others appear puzzled and anxious.

The doors of the shed suddenly open and lights scream outward. From the depths of the shed fifty middle-aged English -- clean, strong, stylish, well-groomed -- march out singing "HAIL, HAIL THE GANG'S ALL HERE." They are fantastically well-rehearsed.

The Americans are stunned, disoriented, and stare in disbelief at the vision, in contrast to the Russian spectres. The Englishmen continue to march forward, singing lustily. They clamor about the Americans with good nature and, still singing, lead them inside the shed. Camera trucks with Billy, Derby and the others.

49 INT. ENGLISH BARRACKS - NIGHT

Inside the shed Billy stops, stunned.

From his point of view we see long tables set for a banquet, each table lit by candles. There seem to be hundreds of candles. Impossibly brilliant, glowing, romantic. This isn't war, this is love!

Billy stands shaking his head in amazement.

Food and gifts are vomitously plentiful. At each setting is a bowl, cup, safety razor, chocolate bar, cigar, soap, cigarettes, watches, pencil.

The Americans move around Billy, grab seats. Derby holds a place for Billy.

DERBY
Hey, son, over here!

Billy, jolted out of his stupor, nods and starts moving toward Derby. An Englishman is moving before him. Billy touches his sleeve. The Englishman turns. He is amazed at Billy's condition. Billy, from his point of view, does look ragged and ridiculous with his civilian fur coat.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

BILLY
Where'd you get all this?

ENGLISHMAN
(with a dazzling grin)
Red Cross clerical error. They've been shipping us 500 parcels a month instead of 50. Three years now. Means we've got quite a lot, actually.

BILLY
(pause; after a moment)
Shouldn't you tell them? I mean shouldn't you give it back?

The Englishman stares at him.

BILLY
It seems kind of unfair...To the other prisoners....

ENGLISHMAN
Oh, Yank, you haven't been in the fight very long, have you? I keep forgetting, wars have always been fought by children...Come along.

They move over to where Derby is eating steaming hot soup.

ENGLISHMAN
(during this action)
Where'd you get this absurd garment?

BILLY
They gave it to me.

ENGLISHMAN
Who?

BILLY
The Germans.

ENGLISHMAN
They didn't give you a coat, Yank. They gave you an <u>insult</u>....

They have sat next to Derby and the other Americans, who are attacking their food ravenously. Billy picks up his spoon, but the Englishman puts his hand on his arm.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED - 2

ENGLISHMAN
Do you understand what I'm saying. Jerry tried to humiliate you. Now you must wear that coat as if you're proud of it. Teach him a lesson.

Billy nods, starts to try to eat, but the Englishman doesn't let him go, intent on lecturing him.

ENGLISHMAN
It's terribly important that you understand that. It's been almost four years since I was captured. True of most of us here. We haven't seen a woman or a child in all that time. Think about that for a minute.

Billy thinks about it.

ENGLISHMAN
Do you want to know how we survived?

Billy wants to eat, but he nods politely.

ENGLISHMAN
Well, I'll tell you. When I was captured I made a promise to myself. I vowed that each day I would brush my teeth, shave my beard, wash my face and hands before each meal, and evacuate my bowels with as much regularity as circumstances would permit. And do you know why?

The fragrance of the hot soup under his nose is getting to Billy, and his eyes start to glaze.

ENGLISHMAN
Because the war consists of continual petty humiliations. And I for one was going to treat myself with a good deal of self respect and survive. We've all done that. It's a matter of self discipline and training, actually. Do you think you can do it?

But it's been too much for Billy. The eyes have glassed, the polite smile congealed and he falls forward into the soup.

BILLY'S VOICE
Here Spot!

CUT TO

50 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY - 1948

The screen is a pattern of summery colors which shift quickly, take form, and we are in a garden. We hear a dog barking. Shriller than the dog which had been with the German Patrol.

Camera arcs in air, following the flight of an object whirling through space. It falls to earth. A bone.

Dog barking grows louder. Spot, a cocker spaniel pup, enters the picture, seizes the bone, worries it, then scampers past Billy, who is dressed in flannels, carrying a rolled-up newspaper. Billy tries to smack the pup.

BILLY
Let me have the bone...!

Billy and Spot fight for the bone. Billy puts it in his pocket.

BILLY
Sit, Spot...Sit!

The dog runs away. Billy drags him back, whacking him on the nose with the newspaper. The dog sits, whining. Billy pats him on the head, gives him a cookie.

BILLY
Good dog, good boy...Stay? Stay, Spot!

Spot runs around the yard.

BILLY
Dammit, come back, Spot, come on....

Spot stops, munches a bone.

BILLY
Will you come back?

He storms over to the dog and drags him back, holding the paper threateningly. The dog rolls on his back.

BILLY
Will you...ROLL, Spot! That's it, roll!
(pushing the dog over)
Roll, Spot!

He gives the dog another cookie. The dog starts to run with it, but Billy zaps him on the nose. The dog immediately rolls over.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

VALENCIA (o.s.)
Bil-lee?

Billy turns.

Valencia, from Billy's point of view, is slightly pregnant, and is holding a lemon meringue pie.

VALENCIA
Lunch time, hon....

Billy shrugs. Leaves dog. We....

CUT TO

51 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON EARLY SPRING

Billy has a slightly older Spot on a chain. Spot is pulling away.

BILLY
I said, heel!

The dog rolls over. Valencia emerges from the kitchen door, very pregnant, and holding a cherry pie.

VALENCIA
Lunch time....

Another....

CUT TO

52 EXT. BILLY'S PATIO - SUMMER EVENING

Valencia, now huge with child, is knitting. Spot is at Billy's feet. Billy is holding out a cookie.

BILLY
Speak...!

The dog sits. Billy rises.

BILLY
Speak!

The dog rolls over. Billy barks. The dog frowns.

BILLY
Speak?

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

The dog barks. Billy hands him the cookie, beaming, and pats his head. Valencia looks up from her knitting.

VALENCIA
(condescendingly)
That's a good dog.

Another....

CUT TO

53 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Valencia is holding a baby. Three friends stand beside her, cooing at the infant. Billy smiles, agreeably. Spot remains at his side, now thoroughly well heeled.

VALENCIA
Here's Babs...little Barbie...Little Barbie-poo....

"Oooohs" and "Ahhs" directed toward baby.

Billy moves away with Spot.

BILLY
Hey, everybody...Watch this!

Everyone turns. Valencia continues to talk to baby.

BILLY
Spot...? Watch this...Spot? Sit!

Spot sits.

BILLY
Roll over!

Spot rolls over.

BILLY
Up!

The dog rises on its hind legs.

BILLY
Speak!

Spot barks.

BILLY
Where's mommy?

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

Dog runs to Valencia. She smiles with strained politeness.

BILLY
Where's daddy?

Dog runs to Billy..

VALENCIA
(with cutesy-pie smile)
Where's baby?

Dog runs to Valencia, lifts leg, and pees on the furniture, while growling.

VALENCIA
(shrieking)
Billy, get that goddam mutt out of here, you know I can't stand his goddam face ruining my Early American...!

Billy, startled, then fuming, stares at her. He looks at Spot, and opens his arms.

BILLY
(defiantly)
Jump!

Spot leaps into his arms and they exit, dramatically. The guests look away with embarrassment.

54 EXT. BILLY'S DOCK - NIGHT

Billy and Spot are seated on the dock, looking up at the Heavens. Billy is tremendously dejected.

55 BILLY'S POINT OF VIEW

We see the sky from Billy's point of view. A shooting star blazes across, then seems to stop, and to reverse its direction.

56 BILLY

watches it, puzzled.

57 BILLY'S POINT OF VIEW

It begins to move closer to him.

58 BILLY

holds Spot and rises. The dog begins to whine.

59 THE STAR

starts to move towards Billy slightly.

60 BILLY AND SPOT

A light starts to grow on Billy's and Spot's faces, as though a source of light was approaching them. They both stand very still, watching whatever it is. Then after a moment the light starts to recede.

61 THE STAR

is diminishing in the sky.

62 BILLY AND SPOT

stare after it thoughtfully for a while, then turn and start slowly into the house.

CUT TO

63 INT. CAMP HOSPITAL - NIGHT - DARKNESS - 1944

In the darkness we hear a slow, evil whisper.

VOICE
Pilgrim? Can you hear me, Pilgrim?

Bit by bit out of the darkness there begins to take shape a familiar face -- Paul Lazzaro.

LAZZARO
How do you want it, Pilgrim? A knife? Huh? Can you hear me Pilgrim?

Suddenly his face is bathed in light as a door from one side opens.

LAZZARO
You'll never know when it's gonna happen. Maybe years, maybe not....

Lazzaro's face is bending in very close to camera.

DERBY (o.s.)
What's going on in here?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

The light is flicked on as Edgar Derby walks into the prison hospital ward. He is carrying with him a pair of boots painted silver and a scarf and pair of mittens, and a small tin pail of steaming soup. He walks quickly over to where Lazzaro has been bending over Billy in bed.

Derby comes up in back of him.

DERBY
All right, son, that's enough.

LAZZARO
This porkchop killed a friend of mine.

BILLY
I didn't....

DERBY
This man is sick.

LAZZARO
He's gonna be dead.

Derby grabs Lazzaro's arm.

DERBY
Out!

LAZZARO
You wanna make the list?

DERBY
Outside, Lazzarino.

LAZZARO
Lazzaro.

DERBY
Out. And if you threaten this man again, I'll break you in half.

LAZZARO
(to Derby)
Don't ever answer the door, Pop.
(to Billy)
Tell him what happens to anyone who crosses Paul Lazzaro.

He is out.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED - 2

DERBY
That boy is all twisted up inside. He needs a father.
(briskly)
You're all right now?

BILLY
Yes, thank you.

DERBY
He'll never harm you. I promise.

BILLY
(bravely)
I can take care of myself.

DERBY
I'm sure you can. What's he got against you?

BILLY
He's got this crazy idea -- that I caused his friend's death...
(quickly)
I didnt.

DERBY
I'm sure you didn't. I'll talk some turkey to that boy.

BILLY
It won't help.

DERBY
Never say that, son. We always have to <u>try</u>.

Billy nods, but sinks back.

BILLY
What happened to me?

Derby sits on the side of the bed with a steaming soup.

DERBY
You passed out back there, son, so I brought you in here.
(he hands him the soup)

CUT TO

64 EDGAR DERBY

feeding Billy the soup.

DERBY
Here, a little of this will fix you up. Attaboy.

Billy takes the soup gratefully.

BILLY
Thank you.
(moment)
You don't have to stay.

DERBY
What the heck, I might as well... I went back, got some food. Don't you worry about me.

BILLY
I don't mean to be impolite...but how did you end up here?

DERBY
I'll tell you, son. I couldn't afford not to. Not while the Nazis and the Japanese were threatening to conquer the world. Matter of fact, I got a boy, about your age, seeing action in the South Pacific....

BILLY
Gosh, that's really...something!

DERBY
(shrugging)
Back home I used to tell my students: There's a monster loose in the world. I just got tired of tellin' 'em, and decided to do something about it.

BILLY
I thought you were a teacher! You have that confidence, and a very good way with words.

DERBY
Well, I tell you one thing: you don't mince phraseologies at Boston Trade and Industrial.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

Derby relaxes, comfortably.

BILLY
I wonder, if my father were still alive...
(shaking his head)
I don't guess he would have.

DERBY
Don't sell him short, son.

BILLY
Mom would never have let him.

DERBY
Couldn't blame her. But, well, I'm lucky, Margaret understands. She's a wonderful woman. We were childhood sweethearts.

BILLY
That's...nice.

DERBY
You have a girl back home?

BILLY
Well...no one special.

DERBY
Margaret's the only woman I've ever known.
(reaches into a pocket; then, proudly)
There's Margaret.

He thrusts a fraying photograph at Billy. (We do not see Margaret). Billy studies the photograph.

BILLY
(sincerely)
She looks awfully...nice.

DERBY
She is everything a man could ask for.

BILLY
(overwhelmed)
Gee!!

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED - 2

Derby replaces the photograph. At a loss, Billy fumbles a photograph into sight.

BILLY
That's my Mom. In our backyard.

Derby studies the photograph.

DERBY
You have a very nice-looking mother.

BILLY
Well, yes, she is.

DERBY
Very nice. Nice house, too.

BILLY
That's the back.

DERBY
Nice yard. Nice.

Derby returns the photograph reverently, and Billy puts it away, while:

DERBY
When did you enlist?

BILLY
Well, you see, it wasn't quite like that. I was drafted. Not that I didn't want to go. I just wanted to finish school first.

DERBY
Where were you in school?

BILLY
First year, the Illium School of Optometry.

DERBY
An optometrist, hunnh? That's a very good field.

BILLY
Well, yes, because you're doing things for people, and there'll always be a need for optometrists.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED - 3

What Billy says appears to have touched a chord. Derby shakes his head approvingly.

DERBY
What you said, son, is a very good philosophical way of life.

BILLY
What?

DERBY
About filling a need, and helping people! That's self-determination and free-enterprise, backing each other up. That's why we're here, in Europe, stopping Adolph Hitler.
(he smiles)
What's your name, son? Mine's Edgar Derby.

Billy holds out his hand.

BILLY
Billy Pilgrim.

DERBY
Billy? Nice to have you aboard.

Billy smiles. Derby really means it. He hands Derby the soup cup.

DERBY
Had enough?

BILLY
Yes, thank you.

Billy lays back with his hands behind his head. His smile is soft; he has found a daddy.

DERBY
Oh, the English let me have these for you....

He holds up the muffler, mittens and silver boots.

DERBY
Don't mind the silver paint, they did that for a skit of Cinderella they put on. It was darned funny, lots of singing and dancing, crazy stuff....

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED - 4

He laughs, shakes his head, starts to stuff the mittens into Billy's coat pocket, which is hanging alongside Billy's bed.

DERBY
I tell you those Englishmen have a real good philosophy of life. I admire 'em. They keep themselves going, put on shows....

He has found something in the pocket of the coat and he takes it out.

DERBY
Here, what's this in your coat....

He has removed and is staring at a small denture and a two-carat diamond.

VALENCIA'S VOICE
Oh, Billy, oh my God, why did you do it? Your diamond!

CUT TO

65 EXT. BILLY'S PATIO - DAY - BILLY - 1962

Smiling at a garden party. Billy is on the patio outside his house, where a garden party is in progress. There is a banner in evidence saying HAPPY 15TH ANNIVERSARY, Val and Billy.

There are some table and garden chairs and white coated waiters.

Valencia is holding up a ring with a diamond in it.

VALENCIA
My God, everybody, look, everybody, look what Billy gave me! Isn't it gorgeous?
(she hugs Billy and whispers in his ear)
Oh God, honey, when I go on this diet just for you I'm going to be so sexy, I'll make you so happy, just wait and see.
(to others)
Look, isn't it divine?

Billy is soon crowded out by women gathered around Valencia admiring the ring. He starts to walk towards the side door of the house.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

VALENCIA
(gushing)
This diamond has a story to it. Billy actually found it in Germany, during the war, would you believe it? Billy, tell them about it....

BILLY
(demurring)
No, no....

VALENCIA
Oh go ahead, tell them, darling... Oh Billy's too modest. I'll tell you. But when he was a prisoner in that dreadful camp they gave him an awful coat to wear...Oh you should hear him describe it, and then this friend of his, this poor man, what was his name, Billy, the one that was killed in Dresden?

BILLY
Edgar Derby.

VALENCIA
That's right, poor old Edgar Derby. Oh, that was really awful. They shot him -- for what was it, Billy?

Billy has entered the house, we stay on Valencia.

VALENCIA
Well, anyway, before that they found this diamond right in the pocket of Billy's coat. Lord knows how it got there, and Lord knows why someone didn't find it before. It probably came from some poor old Jew they had taken it away from. So many of them had their money in diamonds, you know, it's a miracle the Germans didn't find it before Billy did and....

CUT TO

66 INT. HOUSE - LOCATION

Billy has gone up the stairs to the upper hall. Party sounds are well down and Valencia's voice is a wordless drone. Billy is walking unsteadily; he is a little drunk.

67 INT. HALL, BATH AND BEDROOM - STUDIO

Now he opens the door to the bathroom. We see Billy's son, Robert, 13 years old, a magazine in hand, which he hides guiltily, his back to his father.

ROBERT
Jesus, dad, I'm on the john!

BILLY
Robert! My God, there's a party downstairs. Why don't you lock the door!

ROBERT
Because Mom broke the lock last time I locked it, that's why!
(wailing)
Can't I have any privacy?

BILLY
What have you got there?

Robert shamefacedly hands him a copy of Playboy. The centerfold falls out.

BILLY
You shouldn't read that kind of junk, Robert.

He holds out his hand for it.

ROBERT
Oh, Jesus....

He hands it over. Billy takes it and goes out of the bathroom. He starts down the hallway to his room, folding back the centerfold into the magazine. He stops, glancing at it.

CUT TO

68 THE CENTER SECTION OF MAGAZINE

It is a magnificent full length nude portrait of Montana Wildhack in a very seductive pose.

CUT TO

69 BILLY

regards it with a curious and affectionate smile, then he folds it back and continues down the hall, opens the door to his room and we:

CUT TO

70 INT. ENGLISH BARRACKS - WINTER, 1945

A pair of silver boots coming through the door on the other side. Pan up to see Billy coming into the shed where the Englishmen held their feast. It is now turned into a meeting place, although on the makeshift stage there are still the effects of the Cinderella production. Thrones, dummy clock, etc. Some thirty odd American POW's are seated on the floor of the shed, looking up at a rather plump little English officer, quite spic and span. Derby waves at Billy to come over and sit by him.

DERBY
(whispering)
How you feeling?

BILLY
Much better, thanks.

ENGLISH OFFICER
Lads, lads let me have your attention...You are being transferred to a camp in Dresden. You're going to be leaving for there this afternoon.

ENGLISH OFFICER
Actually I rather envy you. Dresden is a beautiful city. Paid a visit there myself before the war. Besides being quite lovely, it is also quite safe. It's an open city, without any war industries or troop concentrations, so you needn't worry about its being bombed. It's by far the safest place to be until we get this all over with.

There are murmurs of gratification from the POW's, and Derby and Billy exchange smiles.

ENGLISH OFFICER
Now then: you're to elect a leader. He'll be in charge of this group. You will all be under his direct orders, and he will be your line of communication with the Germans. Nominations are open.

A long silence.

ENGLISH OFFICER
You need a leader.

VOICE
I nominate Paul Lazzaro.

It is Paul Lazzaro, nominating himself. He looks around defiantly.

CONTINUED

71 BILLY

watching him.

72 INT. LIONS CLUB LUNCHEON

CUT TO

73 STILL PHOTOGRAPH - 1964

74 INT. LIONS CLUB LUNCHEON

The dais of a Lion's club luncheon. A man is speaking to a group of members in a crowded meeting room. We hear his voice under the series of still photos showing individual reactions of Billy and others.

SPEAKER
I don't think it will come as a surprise to anyone when I introduce our Lion's club President for the coming year.

75 BILLY

We see Billy at a table with other men, smiling. He is forty years old and very much a substantial citizen.

76 SPEAKER

SPEAKER
A man who fought for his country, was captured by the Germans in an action for which his outfit received a presidential unit citation. A man who lived to see freedom again, and who dedicated himself to his community and to his family in a way that we could all be proud of. I give you our Lion's President for 1964, Billy Pilgrim!

Roars of approval.

77 PHOTOGRAPHS OF BILLY

smiting his brow in stunned surprise, people crowding to congratulate him, standing, as he makes his way to the platform, shaking hands with friends, with the Speaker, as they stand and sing to an organ, "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow!" Then a photograph of Billy speaking, only it is Edgar Derby's voice.

DERBY
I want you to know that I will do my best to live up to the confidence you have shown in me here today.

CUT TO

78 INT. ENGLISH BARRACKS - BILLY IN THE PRISON CAMP - 1945

He is watching Derby speak.

DERBY
I know that my most important responsibility is to make sure that each and every one comes through this and are reunited with your loved ones.

A solo Bronx cheer from Lazzaro. Derby shoots a glance at him, gets the Sicilian fangoo gesture, ignores it, too.

DERBY
Speaking as your leader, I'd like to ask you...you may be of all different faiths, but we're all Americans...to bow our heads together for a moment and pray.

LAZZARO
Go take a flying fuck at a rolling doughnut!

79 INT. DRIVE-IN THEATRE - NIGHT - INT. BILLY'S CAR - 1963

Valencia, scooping popcorn into her mouth. We hear a scratchy soundtrack over the drive-in device hooked on the window of the car. In the back seat Barbara and Robert are giggling.

Valencia is furious.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

VALENCIA
(between mouthfuls of popcorn)
If that isn't the most obscene, vulgar...! Honestly, to show this kind of junk! It's disgraceful! At a family drive-in! Why you wanted to take the children to it ...etc....

She continues muttering as we see the drive-in screen. It is pink. A white line is being traced up the screen, wavering a little. As we pull back we see that whipped cream from an aerosol can is tracing a line from a girl's navel up to her cleavage, around one large breast, and up her neck.

Robert is transfixed, Barbara is teasing him trying to cover his eyes.

ROBERT
Hey. Come on, cut it out!

Billy is simply staring.

Now we have reached the girl's face. It is Montana Wildhack. She parts her lips, sensuously. The whipped cream squirts into her mouth.

BARBARA
Oh, gross!

ROBERT
Wow!

Valencia turns and takes a swipe at him spilling popcorn.

VALENCIA
That's it! That's enough! Billy, take us home! Robert, I don't want to hear another word out of you! Billy, did you hear me?

ROBERT
Oh, Jesus, ma!

VALENCIA
Not another word out of you, young man, I won't have that kind of language around me, do you understand? Billy, goddam it, did you hear me, take us home this instant. I am not going to stay here and be subjected to that filth up there, or allow my children to be. Billy!

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED - 2

During this the camera has been moving in to a closeup of Billy watching the screen, oblivious to the pandemonium beside him in the car. Montana on the screen in tight closeup also is puckering up her lips, giving little kisses to the viewer. We cross cut between the two as Billy watches with that same curiously warm and affectionate smile.

VALENCIA
BILLY!!

Sound of rails clicking.

80 INT. BOXCAR #2 - TIGHT SHOT OF BILLY, 1945

as he presses against the grille of a boxcar, staring at the bombed and beaten countryside, the charred meadows and plains. The rattling of the car, the clickety-clack of tracks has a curiously pleasant rhythm.

DERBY (o.s.)
Billy?

Billy turns.

81 BILLY'S ANGLE

From his point of view we see that the car is not filled with soldiers this time. About thirty-five lie about, some gambling, smoking, others sleeping, all fabulously content with their meal.

82 DERBY

is trying to compose a letter.

DERBY
How do you like this, Billy?

Billy sits down beside Derby.

DERBY
'Dear Meg.' My wife's name is Margaret, but she prefers Meg.

BILLY
'Meg' is nice.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

DERBY
(thru him)
'Dear Meg. We are on our way to Dresden, where we will have to do some work for the Germans. It won't be war work because the Geneva Convention prohibits that and besides there isn't any war production in Dresden. Dresden is the place where our little porcelain dancing figure, remember the one Johnny knocked off the table and broke, came from. Dresden has never been bombed, because it isn't a military target, so we'll be safe there. Please write to Johnny and give him all my love and tell him I know we'll all be back together again soon. Tell him how proud I am of him and....'

He stops, noticing the tears starting to well in Billy's eyes.

DERBY
Billy?

BILLY
I was just...you must be the greatest father in the world.

CUT TO

83 INT. CAR & EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - 1965

The car is approaching a church alongside which two patrol cars have been pulled up, their rotating red lights on. The car stops and Billy gets out. He is dressed in a white summer tux with a ruffled shirt and bow tie. Valencia follows in an evening gown. She has been crying. Billy goes directly to an officer who approaches him.

BILLY
Where is he?

OFFICER
We have your son in the squad car, Mr. Pilgrim.

Through the back of the squad car we see Robert, age 16, sullen face framed by long hair.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

OFFICER
He's the only one we actually got, but we have a pretty good idea who the others were.

Billy starts towards the police car.

OFFICER
Before you speak to him, Mr. Pilgrim, I'd like you to see it for yourself. If you'll come this way, sir.

Billy starts away as Valencia catches sight of Robert in the back of the car and emits a wretched sob. Robert's face gets sullener.

Billy and the policeman have walked through a gate into a graveyard partially illumined by the car headlights and now by a powerful flashlight held by the cop.

OFFICER
There you are, Mr. Pilgrim.

His flashlight pans a series of gravestones that have been toppled over.

OFFICER
Fourteen of them all told, at least that we've counted so far.

BILLY
I can't believe it. I just can't understand why he'd do such a thing.

OFFICER
Has he ever said anything about Catholics? I mean has he anything against them?

BILLY
No...I don't think so. We have a lot of Catholic friends.

Another gasp and then a sob comes from behind them. Valencia has arrived.

VALENCIA
What will the McNally's think? Billy, what are we going to say to the McNallys?

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED - 2

OFFICER
Mrs. Pilgrim, may I speak to your husband alone for a moment?

VALENCIA
My God, why did he do it. The disgrace....

Billy and the officer withdraw to one side.

OFFICER
Look, Mr. Pilgrim, I don't want to bring the boy down to the station, that's why I called you over here. He seems like an all right kid, and I figured it might be embarrassing to you. Maybe we can handle it some other way....

Billy has already reached for his wallet.

BILLY
I'm very grateful to you, Officer. If you can get the damages from the church I'll gladly pay for them, and make a contribution of some kind.

OFFICER
I'll see what I can do about that, Mr. Pilgrim.

BILLY
(handing him some money)
And I'd like to show my appreciation to you by giving you this for the policeman's fund.

OFFICER
(taking it)
You don't have to do that, but it's very generous of you. I'll call you tomorrow after we've been able to determine the extent of the damages....

They go back towards the police car. Robert has been brought out and is standing shamefacedly. Billy confronts him.

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED - 3

BILLY
Can you explain yourself?

ROBERT
I don't know, we were just, just hacking around and...I don't know....

BILLY
Just hacking around?

VALENCIA
My God!

BILLY
This officer has decided to release you in my custody. But you are going to be responsible for the damages. It'll come out of your allowance, believe me.

ROBERT
How? You took it all away from me last week.

BILLY
(sternly)
We'll discuss that later. Now I want you to thank the officer for not pulling you into the station as you deserve.

Robert pauses defiantly.

BILLY
Robert.

ROBERT
(sullen)
Thank you.

OFFICER
Believe me, son, you're lucky to have a father like Mr. Pilgrim. I know a lot of other dads who'd be a lot different.

CUT TO

84 INT. BOXCAR #2 - EDGAR DERBY IN THE BOXCAR

DERBY
I love my son, Billy. I guess that's all it takes.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

In the b.g. the noisy crap game erupts into an argument. As a soldier standing by the grill turns to them.

SOLDIER
Hey, fellas! Hey, you guys! Look.

The train rhythm is slowing markedly. Billy goes up to grill.

BILLY
We're there! And it's...it's
<u>beautiful</u>!

Derby comes over to Billy, and the others crowd around them, excitedly looking out, ad libbing, while:

BILLY
(awed)
I never saw anything like it.
Never.

85 EXT. DRESDEN CITY - MOVING SHOT

It <u>is</u> a fantasy, a high baroque fantasy: Towers and steeply-slanting roofs and arches and turrets, with smoke curling gently into a pink pastel sky.

Billy gazes out of the window with childlike adoration.

BILLY
(whispering)
It's the land of Oz!

And, abruptly there is silence. And:

CUT TO

86 thru 96 EXT. DRESDEN STATION

The Dresden Station, from the soldiers' point of view in boxcar. The roof of the station is high, vaulted, neo-Baroque, and the light that filters down is late afternoon, and affectionate. It is difficult to believe that there has ever been a war anywhere.

Billy and the rest of the Americans climb down from the boxcar. They stop, astounded, at the sight that greets them.

CONTINUED

86 thru 96 CONTINUED

We see eight Germans standing before them: an old man with an artificial leg, brilliantly carved in Gothic; four young boys no older than fifteen, each wearing ill-fitting outfits, two sizes too large; a man with a patch over his right eye, and a lower lip that extends, open and gaping, to his jaw; another German whose cheek is split open, revealing part of a cheekbone. The leader, an ancient German carrying a rifle and a cane, is about four foot eleven, with a wizened face the size of a coconut. His manner, brusque, efficient, Prussian, makes up for his size.

We see the Americans from the Germans' point of view. The Americans appear equally absurd. Billy with his silver boots and fur coat; shifting, paranoid Lazzaro bristling with scabs and rabies; plump, bovine Derby, twice as old as the rest of the men. All starved....

The German leader steps forward.

LEADER
(briskly)
Who is in charge here?

Derby moves up to meet the Leader, and towers above him.

DERBY
Ich bin...der umm...Amerikanische kommandant....

LEADER
(ignoring his German)
You are to line your men in two columns...You are to follow us.

Derby moves down the row of American soldiers. Most of the men are staring in disbelief at the scene about them. It is real, untouched; all's right in the world. Derby passes among the men with singular good will, with winking, pats on the back.

97 DERBY

from the Germans' point of view: he appears thoroughly idiotic. These Americans are not the brave war heroes they had expected -- they are tired, sickly boys.

Derby returns to the top of the line. Billy is beside him. They begin to follow the Germans through the railroad station.

98 TRUCKING SHOT

beside the Americans. Civilians stare, open-mouthed, at the motley parade. They cannot believe Billy Pilgrim and the others. Billy returns their stares with goofy good will.

CUT TO

99 EXT. DRESDEN STREETS

Pan of stone monkeys staring down and playing among seashells and bamboo. Pull back to show Billy, Derby leading the American POW's down a Dresden street in late afternoon.

100 ANOTHER ANGLE

They march before high Baroque buildings, twisting columnar fantasies of fauns, nymphs, grape-clusters on cornices. People on buses stare out of windows at the Americans, especially at Billy.

101 ANOTHER ANGLE

But the Americans are oblivious to this. They gape at the generalized city, full and intact. The whole parade has an air of light opera, with Billy as the village buffoon, and the Dresdeners as country folks.

102 BILLY'S ANGLE

From Billy's point of view we see a lovely Baroque department store. Before it is a strange platform.

103 EXT. DRESDEN STREET AND HANGMAN'S GALLOWS - DAY

Continue to truck with Billy past structure. We see that it is a gallows, and a man is hanging from it. The German leader catches Billy's reaction.

GERMAN LEADER
(gesturing to gallows)
A Polish prisoner. Makes love to German girl.
(wagging his finger)
Forbidden.
(after a moment)
No girls for you. Not this year. Maybe never.

The German leader laughs.

104 thru 112 SERIES OF SHOTS

Continue with the parade down the street.

At one section of town they have to wait for a stop light. One elderly man among the Dresdeners stares at Billy with hostility. Billy smiles at him.

The man, an aristocratic, Prussian type, moves directly towards Billy and stops directly in front of him.

OLD MAN
(in German)
Do you think you are a clown? Do you think war is funny? I have lost two sons in this war, do you think it a joke?

He slaps Billy's face and Billy reels from the blow. Gluck goes to the old man and they exchange a few words and the column moves on.

The music seques into an up-version of "That Old Gang Of Mine."

CUT TO

113 EXT. AIRPORT - ILLIUM - DAY - 1970

The pace of the marching soldiers becomes a parade of optometrists, walking towards the gate, beyond which a charter Convair lies in wait. A group is surging on its way.

We truck with the men and come to rest on Billy kissing Valencia good-bye. Lionel Merble is with them, bluff, good natured, calling greetings to his friends.

A banner over the gate says HAVE FUN! OPTOMETRISTS CONVENTION, MONTREAL.

VALENCIA
Don't you be fooling around with any of those oo-la-las in Montreal, Billy.

BILLY
(smiling)
How can I cheat when your old man's going to be around?

LIONEL
That won't be so hard, Billy. We just make an agreement. You don't talk, and I don't talk!

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

VALENCIA
(giggling)
Daddy, shame on you!

Lionel explodes with lunatic mirth.

LIONEL
Come on, Billy, on our way....!

He takes him by the arm.

Stay with Valencia as she waves after them, staying with the other wives and families.

CUT TO

114 thru 120 INT. & EXT. PLANE - SERIES OF SHOTS

Inside the airplane as Billy and Lionel sit down and get offered drinks by the stewardess. It is a private charter plane with couches and easy chairs.

As he starts to strap himself in, as the others are making conversation, Billy seems preoccupied. Something just isn't right and he can't quite figure what it is.

LIONEL
Listen, Billy, I want to tell you, you ought to really enjoy yourself at this convention. I mean sure there's gonna be meetings and a little business, but I really mostly want to see you enjoy yourself. By God, you deserve it. You really do. You want me to tell you a secret? Huh? You really do? I wouldn't have told anybody this, of course, but when Valencia brought you home and wanted to marry you, to tell you the honest to God truth, I thought she'd brought home a first class loser. I'm not kidding! I really thought that!

Billy is paying almost minimal attention to him. He is staring at the others throughout this, trying to fit something in his mind. He has suddenly turned to look at Valencia standing with others at the gate.

We go in for a fast close cut of Valencia.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED
thru
120 We jump back to a medium shot, and now the others have disappeared and standing on either side of her are two men wearing grotesque ski masks covering their entire face, making them look like golliwogs. They hold skis and poles.

Back to Billy as he starts to sweat. Lionel continues:

LIONEL
But you proved me wrong, Billy! I'm the first to admit it. You proved old Lye wrong! You've got stamina, brains and real honest to God vision, Billy.

BILLY
Dad....?

LIONEL
Industry, stamina and vision. You're a fine family man. I'm just proud as hell of you, Billy!

Billy looks out the window again. Valencia is there again with the people, smiling and waving. The plane starts to pull away from the gate.

BILLY
Dad....

LIONEL
No, don't stop me, Billy. I've wanted to say this for a long time, and I really mean it from the bottom of my heart. I'm proud of what you've done for my little Val. There's nothing in the world I wouldn't give you, Billy, I mean it....

Billy looks out again to see the others around Valencia have disappeared again and now there are several more golliwogs, grotesque, bizarre, nearly blocking her from sight.

BILLY
Dad, I have this horrible feeling....

Lionel frowns.

LIONEL
(sees Billy is perspiring)
Are you okay?

Billy shakes his head. He turns, looks out the window.

121 INT. & EXT. PLANE

Valencia and Barbara are now completely obscured by ten men wearing golliwog masks and standing like soldiers with skis and poles.

BILLY
(sweating; closing his eyes)
The plane's going to crash.

LIONEL
(laughing; hitting him playfully on shoulder)
Now, c'mon, Billy boy....

BILLY
I mean it!

LIONEL
Oh hell, Billy....

Billy rises with determination.

BILLY
In twenty-five minutes...the whole thing cracks up.

He pushes his way past the men laughing and jostling each other in the aisles. The stewardess tries to stop him.

STEWARDESS
You can't get out of your seat....

But Billy continues forward, and opens the door to the cockpit.

122 INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - BILLY

stumbles into the cockpit of the plane. The pilot turns around.

PILOT
(to co-pilot)
Out -- get him out!

CO-PILOT
Sorry, sir, no one's allowed in the cockpit.

BILLY
The plane is going to crash!

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

CO-PILOT
Please get back in your seat.

BILLY
I've organized this charter. I'm responsible.

CO-PILOT
Do you want to be removed from this plane?

BILLY
You don't understand....

The Co-Pilot has risen, grasped Billy's forearm.

CO-PILOT
Look, we have our clearance, we're going to take off now, and everything's going to be all right.
(easing him through door)
Buckle in and leave the driving to us.

Billy is out, and the Co-Pilot closes the door behind him, resuming his seat, with:

CO-PILOT
Lousy drunk sonofobitch! God, I hate these charter jobs.

123 INT. PLANE - PASSENGER SECTION

In the passenger section, Billy stands against the door, aware of the hopelessness of the situation.

The engines start to roar and the plane starts down the runway. Billy is urged to take a seat by the stewardess.

He sits and looks out the window.

124 HELICOPTER SHOT - EXT. TOWER AND PLANE

Looking at the tower as the plane goes past. Valencia is there among the skiers, trying to push her way among them.

The rhythm of the take-off, Billy's looking down, Valencia waving, all intercut.

125 CLOSEUP - VALENCIA

She is smiling and crying sentimentally and waving. Pull back to see the other families starting to depart. The skiers are no longer in evidence. As the other families go into the building or depart for their cars, Valencia still stands and waves after the departing plane. The image is poignant.

126 EXT. AIRPLANE FLYING OVER MOUNTAINS

We hear a male quarter over the sound of the engines singing "That Old Gang Of Mine."

127 INT. AIRPLANE

Lionel is singing with the group. They are now wandering around the cabin and drinking and enjoying themselves. Billy sits in a chair in the corner, eyes closed. The song finished, Lionel looks over at him and then comes and sits down by him.

LIONEL
Are you sure you're all right?

Billy opens his eyes and looks at him.

LIONEL
That was sure a lousy joke you pulled back there. About the plane crashing? What kind of a joke is that?

BILLY
(meaning it)
I'm sorry, Dad.

LIONEL
(good humored)
Aw, forget it. Stewardess, get this boy another drink! Now, where are my f.o.b.'s? My four-eyed bastards! Encore, encore.

The quartet starts up a version of "Heartaches" when they are suddenly suspended in space and thrown against the bulkhead in a violent gyration of the plane. It suddenly tips the other way as bodies start to tumble through the cabin in weird slow motion.

LIONEL
(screaming)
B-I-L-L-Y!

But Billy has closed his eyes again.

CUT TO

128 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - TROLLEY - 1945

In a Dresden street. It screams past the camera, which then focuses on the parade of prisoners arriving at the Slaughterhouse. We truck with them through the gate and then crane up to come to rest on a great stone bull being led by two handlers to its doom. Then we:

CUT TO

129 SIGN

reading: "SCHLACTHOF".

LEADER'S VOICE
Schlacthof!

CUT TO

130 SIGN

reading: "5".

LEADER'S VOICE
Funf!

CUT TO

131 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

The American POW's stare at the building, curious and apprehensive. This is not the land of Oz.

GERMAN LEADER
This is Schlachthof-funf!

The Americans say nothing.

GERMAN LEADER
Say it, please.

Nobody speaks.

GERMAN LEADER
(smiling quietly)
Funf is English five. Schlacht is slaughter. Hof is house. Schlachthof funf is Slaughterhouse Five. Your house.

DERBY
(quietly)
We're not going to live in a slaughterhouse. The Geneva Convention....

CONTINUED

131 CONTINUED

GERMAN LEADER
(right through/
over him)
You must learn the address. For your own well being. In the event of emergency, you must say: Schlachthof-funf. Once more, please? Schlacht?

132 ANGLE OF THE AMERICANS

SOME SOLDIERS
Schlacht....

GERMAN LEADER'S VOICE
Hof....

MORE SOLDIERS
Hof....

Derby looks around. He is defeated, and knows it. But he holds out. He and Billy.

133 ANGLE OF LEADER

He is smiling slightly.

GERMAN LEADER
Funf.

MOST SOLDIERS
Funf.

GERMAN LEADER
Schlachthof funf.

Angle of Americans, favoring Billy and Derby.

QUICK CUT TO

134 EXT. PLANE CRASH - LATE AFTERNOON - A SNOWY MOUNTAIN - 1970

Bits of snow flying off the branches of pines. No sound, save the crying of the wind. Pan from tree branch to a jagged structure sticking out of the snow. Slow truck to structure.

135 THREE SKIERS

move into frame from the sides, their backs to the camera. Continue to truck behind them to the structure. No noise, save the wind and the crack of skis upon powder snow. One of the skiers turns to the other, pointing to some objects in the snow.

136 SKIER

We see the profile of the skier: he is wearing a full face mask, giving him the grotesque appearance of a golliwog.

The other skier turns to him: another golliwog.

137 SKIERS' POINT OF VIEW

From their point of view we pan the plane wreckage. Chairs, bits of wing, propellers are littered throughout the snow.

There is a slight groan. One ski instructor points to a chair and skis toward it. Billy is leaning out of his seat, like an ape, half way into the snow.

BILLY
Schlachthof funf.

1ST INSTRUCTOR
(in German)
My God...! This one's alive....

They unstrap Billy from the chair, catch him, and set him in the snow.

2ND INSTRUCTOR
(in Americanese)
Easy now....

1ST INSTRUCTOR
You must be very careful.

Billy blinks, tries to form a phrase. The 1st Instructor leans down to him. Then the other. Billy looks at them with terror: they appear macabre, nightmarishly inevitable. Billy wets his tongue, trying to speak.

BILLY
Schlacht...Schlachthof...funf?

The Instructors look at each other, puzzled. Two more instructors arrive with a stretcher, and begin to load Billy onto it.

2ND INSTRUCTOR
Anyone else alive?

Third instructor shakes his head.

BILLY
Schlachthof, bitte...Danke Shoen...
Schlachthof funf....

1ST INSTRUCTOR
Slaughterhouse five?

Billy is bundled in the stretcher. He stares up at the sun.

138 EXT. SUN AND EXHAUST PIPE - OPTICAL

Sun, from Billy's point of view, is white, blinding, ecstatic. Then the sun becomes black, as does the sky. The sun becomes the exhaust pipe of an automobile.

139 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY - WINTER

We hear the roar of a car engine. Pull back quickly to allow Valencia to shriek out of her garage in reverse. She hits the side of the garage, slams on her brakes, puts the car forward, twists the wheel about and wails out in reverse once again. She conveys the frantic energy of a mad squirrel.

140 EXT. HIGHWAY AND VAL'S CAD

Inside the car we see that Valencia is in a panic. She is crying, swerving around autos, careening around corners. She passes a thruway entrance, and slams on her brakes.

141 EXT. THRUWAY AND VAL'S CAD

From her rear view mirror we see a car smack into her.

142 VALENCIA

sets the brake, unsnaps her seatbelt and rushes outside.

143 DRIVER

The other driver, a man, emerges shaken from his car.

DRIVER
For God's sake, why'd you jam on your brakes!?

VALENCIA
My Billy fell from a plane.

DRIVER
Look what you did.

VALENCIA
I missed the entrance. I've got to get to Vermont. My Billy....

DRIVER
Are you all right?

CONTINUED

143 CONTINUED

VALENCIA
I've got to get to the hospital.

The Driver studies her for a moment, before:

DRIVER
I'll take you there.

VALENCIA
It's in Vermont. My Billy....

He's convinced: she's flipped out.

DRIVER
I'd better call the police.

VALENCIA
(pushing at him)
I must get to the hospital.

DRIVER
(clawing at her)
Give me your license.

VALENCIA
I don't have time!

For once her heft helps her; she pushes him aside, starts to get into her car.

DRIVER
You can't leave the scene of an accident, lady. Your car is wrecked!

144 CAR

It is. The rear of her white Cadillac is buckled. The bumper with the "REAGAN FOR PRESIDENT" slogan is twisted, the trunk smashed. The exhaust system is falling off.

Valencia grinds the starter, while the driver scribbles down the license number.

The Cadillac jerks forward, moves away, the damaged tailpipe dragging, grating.

DRIVER
(shouting after Valencia)
Your exhaust's shot to hell!

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED

But she manages to pull her car around his. The entire exhaust system falls off. Valencia, doing a U-turn, drives over it, heedlessly.

DRIVER
Dammit, you'll kill yourself!
(shouting)
You're going the wrong way!

145 INT. VAL'S CAD AND EXT. THRUWAY - VALENCIA

She can't hear over the noise the car is making now, like a diesel train. She roars up the access road -- going the wrong way. A car coming down the access road peels off, honking its horn wildly. It bounces over the curb as Valencia charges on to the thruway.

Once on the thruway, where traffic is moving swiftly, she heads directly into it, her eyes blinded by tears, ploughing through the cars like a halfback.

VALENCIA
I'm coming, Billy, I'm coming....

146 thru 156 THRUWAY - SERIES OF SHOTS

The thruway is a mass of confusion with cars careening off into the boondocks. Valencia realizes she's going the wrong way, so she heads across the divider only to find out she is again going the wrong way. As she makes another U-turn a patrol car picks up her trail, siren blaring.

We see her car go down one side of the clover-leaf, appear on the other, missing the entrance. She slams on the brakes, and the patrol car, which has been gaining on her, now has to whip past her in order to avoid collision. The patrol car slews into a U-turn as it goes half down an embankment as Valencia throws it into reverse and tries another entrance. By this time a second patrol car is bearing down on them and in trying to avoid Valencia's final attack on the thruway, they run head on into each other. Finally headed in the right direction, Valencia roars up the highway, trailing a great cloud of smoke.

The devastation she has left behind is considerable.

VALENCIA
Billy! I'm coming to you!

CUT TO

157 INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY - 1968

as he would be some two years prior, his face revealing a secret delight.

BILLY
Valencia?

Valencia is lying in bed. Prompted by Billy's voice, she opens her eyes sleepily.

BILLY
Happy Birthday!

VALENCIA
Umum.

She half-closes her eyes, dreamily.

BILLY
Get up, honey. Up.
(she opens her eyes)
Here.

"Here" refers to the end of a golden ribbon.

VALENCIA
What's that?

BILLY
Find out.

VALENCIA
(happily)
Oh Billy, you're always up to something.

She jiggles out of bed, squints at the ribbon, which leads to the door of the bedroom.

VALENCIA
What is that, Billy?

BILLY
Just follow it -- wherever it takes you.

Valencia gropes for her harlequin glasses, puts them on.

VALENCIA
(uncertainly)
Billy....?

BILLY
Follow the yellow brick road.

With a look of pleased wonder, Valencia follows the ribbon.

158 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE (LOCATION)

Out the door, along the hall, down the stairs (with Robert and Barbara, watching and giggling their secret), and to the front door of the house.

159 VALENCIA AND BILLY

VALENCIA
I can't go out like this?

BILLY
Follow the golden thread.

VALENCIA
Billy, what is it?

Billy smiles his secret. And Valencia, clutching her dressing gown, steps out.

160 EXT. BILLY'S GARAGE - DAY

There it is, a white Cadillac!

VALENCIA
Oh Billy!

She flings her arms around him. Then turns to the car, excited as hell.

VALENCIA
A Cadillac! A white Cadillac!

She opens the door of the car, tries to get into the driver's seat. She manages, but it is quite a squeeze. Billy indicates the lever which operates the seat electrically.

BILLY
You can adjust the seat with this. It makes it go forward, backwards, up, down....

VALENCIA
I'm going to lose weight.

Valencia is operating the lever -- and it is pushing the seat forward. Now up. And down. And back. And forth. Utter confusion, until she manages to get it right.

VALENCIA
(puffing)
Oh Billy, Billy, I love you.

BILLY
I love you.

She turns to kiss him; her elbow hits the horn; blast.

161 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The horn sound remains. Pan to driveway of hospital. A sign in the f.g. reads: "HOSPITAL ZONE - SILENCE PLEASE." A car pulls up the driveway, the horn blaring. Two nurses run out, wildly waving their hands. We now see that the car is Valencia's Cadillac. It runs into a wall but the horn continues.

162 QUICK TRUCK

with nurses to car.

163 VALENCIA

appears to be leaning on the horn. One of the nurses opens the door and Valencia falls out.

CUT TO

164 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Billy, on one bed, is being rolled to the operating room. Valencia, on another, is passing him.

VOICE
(over intercom)
Dr. Ellenbogen, call Surgery 2, please. Dr. Ellenbogen, call Surgery 2.

Follow Billy's bed into a darkened room.

165 1945 - INT. BARRACKS ROOM - SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Slight coughing is heard.

166 THE BARRACKS

are being shown to the P.O.W.'s by the German leader. Derby motions Billy over to a bunk by his. The coughing continues.

GERMAN LEADER'S VOICE
Each day we will begin by counting heads. Each day you will recite your number so we know how many men are here. There will be no talking to Germans unless talked to. When the war is over, we talk. Each day you will be given a work assignment for factory or cleaning or

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

GERMAN LEADER'S VOICE (Cont'd.)
mail. But there is to be no talking to Germans unless talked to.

DOCTOR'S VOICE
Slight concussion, but no major cerebral damage.

GERMAN LEADER'S VOICE
When you talk, you talk to your guard only.

DOCTOR'S VOICE
I don't know how in hell he survived.

167 INT. OPERATING ROOM - 1970

Continue pan and see an operating room. Billy is being given the summary of three thousand years of Western medical knowledge. Over this, the voices continue:

GERMAN LEADER'S VOICE
You want to make peepee, you tell your guard. He arrange.

DOCTOR'S VOICE
I never cease to be amazed how miraculous is the human mind.

You want to make bee-ems, you tell your guard.

What's his body temp?

VOICE
I want to make a bee-em.

GERMAN LEADER'S VOICE
Very good. We go together. Back upstairs.

99.2?

Incredible.

GERMAN LEADER'S VOICE

DOCTOR'S VOICE
I used to think you had to be an atheist to want to become a doctor....

Outside is for bee-ems.

CONTINUED

167 CONTINUED

GERMAN LEADER'S VOICE
Everything you do, you tell guard. Here we have no mysteries.

DOCTOR'S VOICE
When all is said and done....

...the human body remains a mystery.

168 1945 - INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

A door opens. Men pass in infernal silhouettes, upstairs and out of the meat locker.

Then the door is closed. We hear the slam, and crying of a woman.

169 1970 - INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Doctors and nurses filing out of the operating room, behind the bed, and down the corridor. Barbara, Billy's daughter, stands at the end of the hallway. Truck behind bed to Barbara. A Doctor steps forward.

DOCTOR
It's miraculous, Mrs. Shaw. We were in there for seven hours... But he's going to be all right.

Barbara smiles thankfully, begins crying. The Doctor and Attendants move on behind the bed. Stanley, Barbara's husband appears. He stops, upon seeing Billy.

BARBARA
Stanley! He'll be all right!

Stanley nods, thankfully, and embraces Barbara. Yet his manner is preoccupied; he doesn't appear to hear what anyone is saying.

BARBARA
(to Stanley)
Did you find mother?

STANLEY
It's crazy, Barbara...I don't understand....

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED

BARBARA
What, what's crazy? Where's mama?

STANLEY
(trying to compose himself)
Honey, listen: I think we'll take care of your father...until he's able to take care of himself.

BARBARA
What do you mean? Stanley, what's happened?

Stanley embraces Barbara tightly.

STANLEY
Well, I looked all over for your mom, and then I asked one of the nurses, and they said that she died about three hours ago....

Barbara pulls back, staring at him.

STANLEY
So I had to make sure if it was the right one.
(beat)
And it was. She was.

BARBARA
But...what...how did she....

STANLEY
I don't know. She was in some kind of accident with her car...and got carbon monoxide poisoning....

BARBARA
But it was a Cadillac, Stanley... She drives a Cadillac....

STANLEY
(embracing her)
I don't know, honey, that's what they told me.

Slow truck backwards, showing the diminishing figures of Stanley and Barbara holding each other in the hospital corridor.

BARBARA
My God....

CONTINUED

169 CONTINUED - 2

STANLEY
I know, honey...But it's true....

BARBARA
It was a love-car. Daddy bought it for her....

STANLEY
(with greater comfort)
I'll take over the business until daddy returns. Don't worry... We're lucky we still have him.

BARBARA
Her Cadillac...Oh God....

QUICK CUT TO

170 EXT. ROAD ALONGSIDE RIVER - DUSK

Billy and Derby are collecting trash and dumping it into a horse drawn cart. Derby finds a cardboard carton and opens it, dumping out its contents. Hundreds of ceramic heads fall out of the carton.

Derby picks up several of them.

DERBY
Boy, look at these...they're something, aren't they? Margaret would love them...Billy?

Billy is standing looking out at the river. It is late afternoon, and the city appears magical. Derby comes over to him.

DERBY
It is beautiful, isn't it?

BILLY
After the war it'd be nice to come back here.

DERBY
Yes, it would.

The soft low sound of a giggling girl is heard. Derby looks to where Gluck, blond German guard of about fourteen, is half hidden by a wall, embracing a rather plump and plain looking German girl. Derby smiles and nudges Billy. Gluck suddenly realizes he has been discovered. The adolescent lover now becomes the adolescent soldier.

CONTINUED

170 CONTINUED

GLUCK
(in German)
What are you doing, why aren't you working? Get to work, there!

He grabs his rifle and comes over to them. His girl watches him admiringly.

GLUCK
Do you hear me? You are supposed to be working, not standing around idle! Here, what have you got there?

He points to Derby's hand still holding the ceramic heads. Derby shows them to him.

DERBY
Oh these? I just found them back there. They're pretty, aren't they? They were just....

Gluck stares at them, horrified, and knocks them out of his hand.

GLUCK
Forbidden! Stealing is forbidden! How dare you steal! Now get back to work!

Billy has started the horse and they continue down the street. Gluck's girl watches them go, awed by this display of authority on the part of her lover.

CUT TO

171 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DERBY, BILLY AND GLUCK

now riding the cart, enter the slaughterhouse.

172 INT. CORRIDOR AND SHOWER ROOM

Inside the main corridor Gluck points to a room for Derby to go. Billy opens the door.

173 FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW

we see a huge shower room in which stand thirty young, naked girl refugees. Gluck and Billy stare.

174 THE GIRLS

shriek, covering themselves with their hands and as Vonnegut writes, "making themselves utterly beautiful".

175 GLUCK

startled and embarrassed, shuts the door.

CUT TO

176 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 1970

RUMFOORD'S VOICE
Dirty sonsabitches....!

Camera pulls back further to show a profile of B.C. Rumfoord, an old but powerful man. He has huge, overhanging eyebrows, and a shock of white hair. He is lying on a hospital bed with his leg in traction.

RUMFOORD
Those bureaucratic bastards have the audacity to put me in a room with a basket case!

Camera pans to Lily, an attractive girl in her early twenties, seated beside the bed. She has long, ironed-out brown hair, and is wearing a Guatemalan peasant dress. She also wears rainbow-colored lollipop glasses. She shifts the book-bag she is holding on her lap and turns to the other hospital bed in the room.

177 BILLY PILGRIM

We see him staring into space. Lily takes out a cigarette, begins to light it.

LILY
They just don't have a private room, sweetheart.

Rumfoord reaches over and whacks the cigarette out of her hand; he grabs her wrist.

RUMFOORD
Goddammit, Lily, I'm going to pepper your Radcliffe ass with buckshot if I ever catch you smoking again! You've got to stay in <u>condition</u> to keep up with B.C. Rumfoord....

CONTINUED

177 CONTINUED

Billy moans.

BILLY
You guys go on. You guys go on without me.

Rumfoord turns angrily in his bed and stares at Billy. He strains a muscle in his leg and groans.

RUMFOORD
Christ, all he does in his sleep is quit and surrender and apologize! I could carve a better man out of a banana!
(back to Lily)
Did you get me those books from Widener?

Lily reaches down, pulls books out of a book-bag. Her hair falls prettily over her face. She brushes it back, then opens a newspaper.

LILY
The boys at the Harvard Crimson have a beautiful bit about you, hon. They call you, The Red Baron of Military History', and want you to get well soon.

Rumfoord laughs a horribly wretched hack.

RUMFOORD
Those little bastards, God bless 'em!

Billy laughs appreciatively.

Rumfoord frowns.

Billy holds up his hand, beckoningly.

Rumfoord leans toward him.

BILLY
(confidentially)
When you get to Cody, Wyoming, B.C., ask for Wild Bob!

Rumfoord turns to Lily, who shrugs; they have tabbed Billy as a cuckoo.

LILY
Here's the Truman thing on Hiroshima, those 8th Army Air Force Documents, and the Irving book on Dresden.

177 CONTINUED - 2

BILLY
(whispering)
I was there.

LILY
Why did they keep Dresden a secret for so long, hon?

RUMFOORD
Ahh, hell...For fear a lot of bleeding hearts would think bombing it was a chickenshit thing to do.

Billy sits up, and waves his hand at Rumfoord, who ignores him.

RUMFOORD
My book's going to lay it on the line, sweetheart. The whole show, lock-stock-and-barrel!

BILLY
(insisting)
I was there....

Rumfoord screws up his face. He now looks like an Army map.

RUMFOORD
What's he say?

LILY
He says he was there.

RUMFOORD
He says he was where?

BILLY
Dresden.

LILY
(with some excitement)
At Dresden, B.C.!

RUMFOORD
Hell with him. I'm the one who's writing the official Air Force history.

BILLY
I just want you to know I was there....

Billy smiles a paranoid smile, and lays down.

The effect is disconcerting to Rumfoord. He tries to smile bravely at Lily, but she is looking at Billy.

cn #02049

178 TIGHT OF BILLY

He stares up at the ceiling, the odd smile on his face.

179 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM CEILING - INSERT & OPTICAL - 1945

We see the crack on the ceiling. It becomes the lines of a bombing map.

During the following briefing we travel over a black-and-white glossy letter press aerial photo -- a mosaic from aerial recon pictures of Dresden.

R.A.F. CHIEF MARSHAL (v.o.)
The purpose of the raid on Dresden will be to sever all railroad and communications facilities. Moreover, we intend to diminish the morale of the German people. Because of meteorological uncertainty, the timing must be kept strictly to the minute.

CUT TO

180 STOCK FILM

Photograph of the old section of Dresden, labeled Altmarkt.

R.A.F. CHIEF MARSHAL (v.o.)
The center of the attack will occur in the Old City, with the Dresden Sportsplatz serving as a base for our maneuvers.

181 INT. CEILING MAP - OPTICAL

We see the Sportsplatz labeled on the map, and an animation of the briefing. As the Chief Marshal speaks, we see lines spreading across the city in synch with his monologue.

R.A.F. CHIEF MARSHAL (v.o.)
The Marker Leader will spot the stadium with his red marker. The Master Bomber will check its position, then order the Marker Mosquitoes to back up on it with more target-indicators until the stadium is well outlined.

cn #02049

182 EXT. DRESDEN FIRESTORM - STOCK FILM

Now we see the only footage shot during the raid: 400 feet of the Dresden firestorm, from the Imperial War Museum, London. It is surrealistic, grotesque, absurd and terrifying.

The Chief Marshal's voice drones on and on during the film.

R.A.F. CHIEF MARSHAL (v.o.)
Next, the call sign of Platerack will be monitored to the Lancasters, who will cross the city from a north-westerly direction, take a bombing sight at the stadium and fan out over the city, dropping their bombs in a cheese-shaped vector to a maximum radius of 2,400 yards. Squadrons will then receive clearance from the Master Bomber, and proceed homeward. It is essential that the first attack set up the city as a marker for the second bombing. We maintain that it is possible for a firestorm to develop as a result of this heavy sector raid. Moreover, we feel certain that between this blow and the second, German fighter squadrons will have been grounded, and in the process of refueling; fire services will be overcome by the sheer weight of the attack, and all communications in disrepair. Dresden will not have recovered from the first raid when the second will begin.

The flames now hone themselves down to a fine blue point. The point is picked up.

183 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Hands strike together, with a loud clap. Disappear. Then again, appearing from the sides of frame and coming together hard. And disappearing from whence they came.

184 GENERAL VIEW

of the American POW's doing calisthenics, jumping feet astride and clapping their hands over their heads. Billy is managing, Derby is doing it with zest, and Lazzaro seems about to collapse.

CONTINUED

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184 CONTINUED

GUARD
(calling)
One, two, three, four...One, two, three, four....

As they continue to do calisthenics, the Guard's voice fades and is replaced by that of the Chief Marshal. He speaks rhythmically, clipped, in sync with the jumping-jack calisthenics.

R.A.F. CHIEF MARSHAL (v.o.)
As a result of the sudden linking of a number of fires, the air will be heated to such an extent that a violent updraft will start. This updraft will cause fresh air to be sucked in from all sides to the center of the fire area, causing hurricane velocities and air temperatures ranging from 600 to 1000 degrees centigrade.

At a signal from the guard, the men cease calisthenics and form a series of lines. They re-enter the factory.

The camera remains generalized, posed at a high angle, looking down on the men so they appear as nothing more than cattle lowing to their death. As the last POW enters the building, we pan away and see....

185 EXT. DRESDEN BRIDGE

...hundreds of refugees in horse-drawn carts, or walking down the main road toward Dresden. Men, women, children, animals, all seem to be hurrying to escape the advancing Russians. There is a sense of panic, of urgency, and of animal terror.

R.A.F. CHIEF MARSHAL (v.o.)
With the Soviet Army advancing eighty miles to the East, Dresden is a virtual haven for Silesian and Prussian refugees. The effect of the fire storm will cause confusion among the civilian population.

186 THE SKY

grows dark. We move into the crowd of refugees.

Billy, Derby and the other POW's enter frame. They are being marched among the refugees back to Dresden.

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187 BILLY'S POINT OF VIEW

We see two flak defense guns along the Elbe bank, manned by ten Hitler youth children. They are quite blond, and much younger than Billy and the others.

Derby shakes his head, sadly. He looks back.

There is something pathetically beautiful about the little children in silhouette along the shoreline.

R.A.F. CHIEF MARSHAL (v.o.)
The firestorm technique has proven itself valuable in Hamburg, Kassel and Wuppertal-Barmen. Over one million have been left homeless, at least sixty thousand have been killed, and approximately 10,000 tons of bombs have been dropped. With the planned concentration of our attack, we feel certain we will create a new statistic, and thus incur sufficient reaction to generate the speedy finale to this terrible war.

The POW's march over a bridge, and are buried in the crowd of refugees pouring into the city.

QUICK CUT TO

188 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - 1970

A drawing of Canaletto: "The Ruins of Dresden, After the Seven Years' War."

We see the caption, then the picture seems to close. Pan up to:

189 RUMFOORD

holding the book, in bed. He looks at Lily. Lily is reading. Rumfoord pinches her in the behind. Lily makes a face. Rumfoord smiles, mistily.

RUMFOORD
When B.C. Rumfoord stops pinching you, gal, you know he'll be in trouble....

LILY
(smiling; to the book)
Buzz off, hon; I'm reading....

CONTINUED

cn #02049

189 CONTINUED

Rumfoord grins with lascivious pleasure at his wife's language and smiles, unthinkingly, at Billy.

BILLY
(to Rumfoord)
Ich bin...Amerikanische soldat...
Dresden...Schlachthof funf....

Lily puts her book down.

Billy continues to stare at Rumfoord.

RUMFOORD
You want to know something? We didn't start the last war; we stopped it!

But Billy grins. This infuriates Rumfoord. He leans out of bed, getting red in the face.

RUMFOORD
Now I remember who started that last war -- Adolph Q. Hitler -- and 135,000 people dying in Dresden doesn't seem like very much when you think that over five million Allies had to die.

He slips out of the covers and is about to land on the floor when Lily puts her arm about his shoulders and sets him back in bed.

LILY
Jesus, hon, don't get so uptight, will you....?

But Billy continues to stare with mad fascination at Rumfoord. Particularly his moustache, which waves wildly about his face.

Lily is unnerved by Billy's stare. Rumfoord isn't. We move to a tight of his face.

RUMFOORD
And let me tell you something else: don't ever think that pacifism or disarmament is going to stop people from fighting. The answer's in nuclear balance, and a systematic program of continued fear!
(he holds up a finger)
Mark my word!

jm #02049

190 STOCK FILM - 1945

We see a newsreel of British planes taking off and flying over the Channel. Over this, the title:

FEBRUARY 13, 1945: 1715 HOURS

CUT TO

191 EXT. DRESDEN STREET AND CARNIVAL - DAY

A trucking shot of Billy, Derby and the other POW's traveling through a Dresden street in the early evening.

Two children are staring at the soldiers from the back of a cart, their eyes glazed with sleep and fatigue. A heavy man gets down from the cart and begins trying to move it.

Billy steps out of line to help, but a guard pushes him back.

A group of children in Carnival costume, oddly incongruous with their surroundings, appears, running past the POW's, laughing gaily. Billy looks inquiringly at Derby.

DERBY
It's the beginning of Lent. Carnival. Today is Shrove Tuesday.

BILLY
Oh.

DERBY
Tomorrow's Ash Wednesday.

Billy turns away, and looks across the street.

Several blonde and red-haired whores stand in the shadows.

Billy squints.

The girls now appear in sharper focus, ripe but threatening, Billy's perfect adolescent fantasy. Over their image, the title:

FEBRUARY 13, 1945: 1830 HOURS

Billy nudges Derby, and points to the whores.

DERBY
(shaking his head)
You can get shot for that....

Lazzaro sticks his head between them, laughing:

CONTINUED

jm #02049

191 CONTINUED

LAZZARO
That's not all you can get...Ask Lazzaro, the King of the Purple Cazzo!

Lazzaro makes an obscene gesture at the whores. A few soldiers laugh. Billy looks back at the whores.

CUT TO

192 STOCK FILM

Newsreel of British fighter planes over France. Over this, the title:

1900 HOURS

193 SHOT

RUMFOORD (v.o.)
We didn't start this war, but we sure as hell ended it!! The atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima killed 72,000 people. But think of this: with just your conventional weapons -- with your incendiaries, say, your high explosives -- we knocked out 135,000 in Dresden alone. You go ahead and cry over Dresden. But what about a tear for our own boys, who didn't start the war but, when called upon to retaliate, did their job without a gripe? Will you cry for them?

Their bomb bay doors open.

1930 HOURS

CUT TO

194 INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tight of heavy potatoes hitting a plate. Quick pan up from plate to Old Woman serving food. She stares coldly at Billy. We see that others are standing behind him in line, in the kitchen of the Slaughterhouse.

195 FROM THE OLD WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Billy seems ridiculous in his fur coat and silver boots.

WOMAN
(to Billy)
What are you supposed to be?

BILLY
Trying to keep warm.

WOMAN
(muttering)
All the real soldiers are dead.

RUMFOORD (v.o.)
Damn your eyes!

196 TRUCK WITH BILLY

to table. He starts to sit down. Beyond the table is a door, which opens suddenly.

All stare goggle-eyed at a man who is extravangantly costumed in a uniform of his own design. He is sheathed in a blue body stocking which has yellow stripes running from his armpits to his ankles. His shoulder patch is a silhouette of Abraham Lincoln's profile on a field of pale green. He has a broad armband which is red, with a blue swastika in a circle of white.

197 FROM BILLY'S POINT OF VIEW

the man appears to be at the head of the table, posed in such a way as to invoke silence. He looks as if he intends to deliver a fantastic speech.

Derby and Billy exchange glances.

The German Leader moves to the head of the table.

GERMAN LEADER
Attention, please! You have a visitor: Herr Howard Campbell, Junior!

Everyone is stunned by Campbell's appearance.

CAMPBELL
I've just come from the Russian front, men, so I'll make it short.

CONTINUED

jm #02049

197 CONTINUED

He looks about him. Nobody gives a shit.

CAMPBELL
I won't take up your time, I know how hungry you are...Food's not much, though, is it?

Lazzaro calls out, cupping his hands.

LAZZARO
The food's terrific! Almost as neat as your outfit!

CAMPBELL
(ignoring him)
I've got a proposition for you men. How would you like to come back to America with me after the war as heroes?

LAZZARO
Only if I can wear that fag outfit!

Derby rises. He's the only one who seems to be taking Campbell seriously. And he doesn't like what he says.

DERBY
What's your pitch, Campbell?

Campbell ignores Derby and turns to Lazzaro.

CAMPBELL
Since you're interested in my outfit, I'll tell you what it's about.
(indicating)
Blue is for the American sky. White is for the race that pioneered the continent, drained the swamps, cleared the forests and built the roads and bridges.

DERBY
(barely containing himself)
And what's the red for?

Two guards step forward, shielding Campbell from the growing hostility. Campbell brushes them aside.

CONTINUED

jm #02049

197 CONTINUED - 2

CAMPBELL
I'll tell you what the red is for. It's for the blood of fine American boys that has been shed in the defense of our life and liberty.

DERBY
I don't see you shedding any blood, Campbell.

Campbell turns his attention back to the men.

Over this, the title,

2300 HOURS

CAMPBELL
Men, I've just come back from where the real enemy is. You all know that Russia is communist and godless, and you know that communism is out to enslave the world. And who's out there trying to stop them? Why, the very people you've been betrayed into fighting! The Germans! They're not your enemies! They're your allies. Communism is the enemy of all of us! If we don't stop them now they'll take over all of Europe, all of Asia, and right on up to our own shores. Now I want volunteers for the Free America Corps, men who are willing to stand up against the red tide....

During this Lazzaro has risen and Derby grabs him.

DERBY
Sit down, Lazzaro.

LAZZARO
I didn't vote for you, Derby.

CAMPBELL
You're the first! Who's next....

The air raid sirens sound. The men and guards look around.

CAMPBELL
Don't worry, boys. Churchill's nephew lives in the heart of Dresden, so I hear. There'll be no bombs.

CONTINUED

197 CONTINUED - 3

But the siren continues. The guards move forward. The men rise quickly and begin filing out of the room.

GUARD
(shouting)
To the meat locker, please....!

Campbell watches the men move past him, contemptuously. Then he follows. Over this, the title:

2130 HOURS

198 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

We follow the men outside from the kitchen to the meat locker. Again, we have the sense of animals pushing against one another -- disinherited, disaffected, used humanity.

RAF CHIEF MARSHALL (v.o.)
With the planned concentration of our attack, we feel certain Dresden will create a new statistic and thus incur sufficient reaction to generate the speedy finale to this terrible war.

As the men break into a run we see the Hours Titles changing rapidly and constantly , moving during all the ensuing scenes, picking up in rhythm as the running itself increases.

199 INT. MEAT LOCKER - 1945

A candle is passed to Lazzaro, who holds it out to Howard Campbell.

CAMPBELL
(putting his hand on Lazzaro's shoulder)
Well, men? Do I have only one volunteer?

Lazzaro shakes his head.

LAZZARO
Listen, pal: I only stood up back there to tell you that one day your doorbell's gonna ring, see...And there'll be this guy in a trench-coat....

CONTINUED

199 CONTINUED

Derby moves before Lazzaro and stands in front of Campbell.

DERBY
We'll eat German craw for so long, Campbell, because we have no choice. But we'd sooner die than eat your dung, which is sick and lousy and... foul!

CAMPBELL
History will prove you an ass!

Derby starts to grab Campbell, but the German guards push him back. Immediately we see the title.

2215 HOURS

The ground begins to shake. Calcimine falls from the ceiling. Carcasses jiggle. Candles go out.

Billy is terrified, and hysterically brushes off the calcimine that has fallen on his coat.

DERBY
So Dresden's an open city, Campbell?

CAMPBELL
You can't trust the Jews....

He laughs, but nobody else does. Not even the guards.

200 QUICK SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS (STOCK FILM)

Official Air Ministry photos of the first raid, showing the dropping of target indicators over the Sports Palace, the railway sidings, etc.

Each photograph is of a different shade, and works its way in rainbow arc across the screen. As the last t.i. photo hits the screen, all the photos explode, merging into a red flash.

QUICK CUT TO

201 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET AND INT. BARBARA'S CAR - DAY - 1971

Red Traffic light from the interior of Barbara's car.

202 TRAVELING SHOT

as Barbara drives Billy home from the hospital. He is bandaged.

CONTINUED

202 CONTINUED

BARBARA
Daddy...You're going to stay with us. And you're not going to talk about Mommy, the accident, or even the war.

Billy sighs and looks out the window.

BARBARA
I'm not kidding. You just turned middle-aged and you've still your whole life ahead of you.

Billy doesn't reply.

BARBARA
Daddy, consider yourself lucky. Practically all the optometrists in Ilium were wiped out. Stanley's been working for you night and day....

BILLY
I just want to go home....

BARBARA
But we want you with us....

BILLY
I'll be fine.

BARBARA
Just for one night....

BILLY
No.

Barbara sighs and turns the corner.

203 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy's house, from their point of view. There is a WELCOME HOME sign over the door. An ancient Spot is tethered to the doorway. He looks up and seeing the car enter the driveway, lets out with a decrepit, senile howl. Billy looks at him, smiles. Tears run down his cheeks. Barbara says nothing. Officiously she parks the car, sets the brakes, brings Billy's bag out from the back seat. Hold on:

204 LONG SHOT

as they walk down the path. Billy unleashes Spot, pats his head. Spot farts affectionately. Truck behind them.

CUT TO

VW #02049

205 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE

Billy picks up Spot and enters the house.

INTERCUT

206 INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

Truck behind Billy as he starts up the stairs of the cellar with Derby and Gluck.

207 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE

Truck behind Billy as he goes up the stairs of his house holding Spot in his arms.

INTERCUT

208 INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

They are reaching the top of the cellar stairs. Billy's hand goes towards the cellar door.

209 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE

Billy's hand goes to open his bedroom door.

210 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE RUINS

The door starts to open.

211 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE

The door starts to open.

212 EXT. CELLAR AND DRESDEN RUINS

The door continues to open and Billy looks around. He stares in horror as the others emerge, wordless. Gluck turns towards them.

GLUCK
Goddam you! Goddam you!

He turns and runs, crying. The camera pulls up with him and we see the enormous destruction. Smoking sky and shells of buildings. Charred lumps that were once people.

CONTINUED

212 CONTINUED

The camera follows Gluck in his headlong run down the ruined streets, through the rubble, seeing no life.

He stops in front of an almost totally gutted building. He looks around for some sign of life, poking at the ruins, sobbing.

It was his house.

GLUCK
Papa? Papa?

And we hear another voice -- Robert's, calling softly:

ROBERT'S VOICE
Dad? Dad?

CUT TO

213 INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING - 1971

Billy. His eyes open. And widen.

For there is Robert, but not the adolescent Robert. This is Robert Fulfilled: shining boots, razor-creased trousers, tunic tight on swelling chest, swelling chest with a row of ribbons, shining eyes, shining badge of the Green Beret.

And shining white teeth.

ROBERT
Dad!

Billy sits up.

BILLY
Robert!

ROBERT
Hiya, dad!

BILLY
How'd you get here?

ROBERT
They gave me leave. To visit mom....

BILLY
But you know....

ROBERT
Sure, Dad, I know. That's why I'm here. And to see you. How are you, Dad?

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED

BILLY
I'm...fine.

ROBERT
God, dad, to think...Oh, it's terrible about mom...but to think you lived. It's a miracle. Like when a chopper got hit by Charlie, just outside our camp, it came down like a stone, but the door gunner walked away. How do you like that?

BILLY
That's...terrific. What's the camp?

ROBERT
I'm in the Highlands, three other Berets, and a couple of hundred Montagnards. They're natives, kinda, whom we train, and let me tell ya, dad, when we're through with them they're great fighters.

BILLY
That's...great.

ROBERT
Dad, I did the right thing. Joining up.

BILLY
I'm sure you did, son.

ROBERT
Sooner or later it's going to be us or the Communists, we've got to stand up to them somewhere.

BILLY
I guess so.

ROBERT
I mean, you had to do your share of the fighting, so now I've got to do mine.

Billy nods, tears starting to form in his eyes.

ROBERT
Dad?
(Billy looks at him)
Dad, I know you and Mom worried about me a lot. I guess I haven't been the best of sons....

CONTINUED

VW #02049

213 CONTINUED - 2

BILLY
You've been just fine....

ROBERT
No, I know I was pretty wild, and I want to make up for it. Remember that stuff in the cemetery, geez, I'm so ashamed of that now, really I am. But I've changed a lot, Dad, I've tried to build on the values you gave me, and I just hope I can make you real proud of me from now on.

BILLY
You already have, Robert.

This is the closest Billy and Robert have ever been it seems.

ROBERT
(moved)
Dad, will you come to mom's grave with me?

214 BILLY

turns over in his bed and stares out the window. It is evening.

BILLY
I'm not ready....

215 WE SEE A SHOOTING STAR

Billy smiles, dreamily.

ROBERT
I know how you feel, dad. Dying's ...well, it's something we've all got to face.

216 THE STAR

suddenly stops and reverses its direction. It begins to move toward Billy's window.

ROBERT
I'm not afraid of dying, dad. Not if the cause is just.

CONTINUED

216 CONTINUED

BILLY
(quietly)
I'm just not ready.

ROBERT
Okay, Dad...Well....

He gives him a smart salute. Stricken with guilt, Billy nods. Then Robert exits.

217 BILLY AND SPOT

seem to become lit from within; a soft glow is cast upon their faces. It grows in intensity until Billy and Spot shield their eyes. The furniture in the bedroom disappears, and an incredible inter-galactic wind springs up. In the blackness, Billy holds onto Spot, and opens his eyes.

BILLY
What's going on? Where am I?

SPACE VOICE
You are on your way to Tralfamadore.

BILLY
Triflammigork....?

SPACE VOICE
Tralfamadore.

BILLY
Where is that?

SPACE VOICE
It does not matter, Mr. Pilgrim.
If simply is.

BILLY
But why me?

SPACE VOICE
Because you are unlike any other Earthling, Mr. Pilgrim: You have come unstuck in time.

BILLY
I have?

SPACE VOICE
You have.

BILLY
How?

217 CONTINUED

SPACE VOICE
There is no How, Mr. Pilgrim, there is no Why. The moment simply is.

BILLY
But what are we going to do in Tralfamadore?

SPACE VOICE
You are going to be in a zoo. Please excuse me. We will be entering the time warp shortly.

BILLY
(terrified)
What should I do?

SPACE VOICE
Concentrate on the good moments, and ignore the bad. When I count to three, Mr. Pilgrim, you will be able to walk about. The rest is up to you. One, two, three.

218 INT. GEODESIC DOME

Billy finds himself in a huge geodesic dome, the subject of considerable sighs which come from a circular balcony near its top.

Billy and Spot walk about. Billy discovers a color TV set much like his own, with a picture of two cowboys shooting each other pasted on the screen; a Barca-Lounjder like his own. In fact, all the furniture in the zoo resembles the furniture in Billy's living room.

There is a stereo phonograph with two records: Mantovani Plays Your Favorite Waltzes, and Sing Along With The King Family. Billy puts on the King Family album, but nothing plays: there is no electricity.

219 A BATHROOM

wall-less, stands in the open. Billy starts to urinate. There is wild applause.

SPACE VOICE
Welcome to Tralfamadore, Mr. Pilgrim.

CONTINUED

219 CONTINUED

BILLY
Thank you. I'm...happy to be here.

SPACE VOICE
We hope that you'll be comfortable with us....

BILLY
Where are you?

SPACE VOICE
Oh, you can't see us, Mr. Pilgrim. We live, work and play in the fourth dimension. But we can see you. There are many important Tralfamadorians here to witness your arrival.

BILLY
Oh. How do you do?

He nods and smiles politely at his invisible hosts.

SPACE VOICE
Would you perform something for the crowd?

BILLY
Like what?

SPACE VOICE
How about ten push ups?

BILLY
I don't know if I can.
(gets on his knees)
Haven't done them in years...Since I was in the Army.

He begins to struggle. When he gets to eight, he is sweating.

The crowed begins to roar. The roaring spurs him on. When he reaches ten there is wild applause. Billy sits up, panting and pleased.

BILLY
Thank you. Thank you very much.

SPACE VOICE
That was excellent. Mr. Pilgrim.

CONTINUED

cl #02049

219 CONTINUED - 2

BILLY
Thank you. I'm looking forward to touring your planet and saying hello to everyone.

SPACE VOICE
Unfortunately you cannot leave the dome. Our atmosphere is cyanide.

BILLY
(aghast)
You mean I have to stay here?

SPACE VOICE
I'm afraid so.

BILLY
I'm going to be kept here alone? Can't you at least bring someone?

SPACE VOICE
(doubtfully)
Do you know what it cost to bring you here?

BILLY
Then this is it?

SPACE VOICE
This is it, Mr. Pilgrim.

Billy sits disconsolately. Spot comes over and licks his face sympathetically.

CUT TO

220 MED. SHOT OF POW'S

They wear gloves and have bandanas wrapped around their noses and mouths. Around them is nothing but rubble.

The German leader is speaking to them. In the background other groups of workers are gathering little charcoal logs that were once people and putting them in a pile.

LEADER
You are to aid in the removal of the bodies. Those that are identifiable are to be tagged, their personal effects will be tagged and given to an officer. There will be classification according to

CONTINUED

220 CONTINUED

LEADER (Cont'd)
the degree that the victims can be identified. Any looting or stealing will be dealt with by a firing squad. Follow me!

Billy and Derby fix their masks and start to work sorting through the bodies and helping to pile them on a huge funeral pyre. Over this, Billy's voice.

BILLY'S VOICE
It looked like the end of the world.

SPACE VOICE
What did?

BILLY'S VOICE
Dresden. The war.

SPACE VOICE
Don't be so egocentric, Mr. Pilgrim. We know how the world ends, and it has nothing to do with earth except that it gets wiped out, too.

BILLY'S VOICE
Really? How does it end?

SPACE VOICE
While we're experimenting with new fuels, a Tralfamadorian test pilot panics, presses the wrong button, and the whole Universe disappears.

BILLY'S VOICE
But you have to stop him! If you know this, can't you keep the pilot from pressing ---

A German soldier has poured gasoline on the pyre of bodies and sets a torch to it. It goes up in flames.

SPACE VOICE
He has always pressed it, and he always will. We always let him and we always will let him. The moment is structured that way.

BILLY'S VOICE
But what are we going to do?

CONTINUED

c1 #02049

220 CONTINUED - 2

SPACE VOICE
Mr. Pilgrim...A pleasant way to spend eternity is to ignore the bad times, and concentrate on the good.

Billy looks up and we

CUT TO

221 INT. GEODESIC DOME - MONTANA WILDHACK - 1971

the most amazing twenty-year-old Amazon ever assembled in God's infinite kingdom. She is six feet tall, with long, lush blonde hair hanging to her buttocks. Her breasts could feed four overcrowded orphanages for six months. Her thighs could keep -- and probably have kept -- the orphanages well stocked. Her eyes, normally seductive yet naive, stare with terror at Billy. A medallion bounces giddily between her breasts.

Bill is stunned -- too stunned to move.

Wild applause from the Tralfamadorians.

Montana looks around, covers her ears, and shrieks. The apparition, and the sound, terrorize Billy.

BILLY
JesusGodJesusGodJesusGod!

MONTANA
Who the hell are you?

BILLY
My name's Pilgrim....

Without warning, Montana swoops on him, gives him a judo spin, and has a stranglehold on Billy, the back of his head pressing against her mammaries.

MONTANA
Talk!

Billy tries to say something; his larynx is being crushed. Gurgle-gurgle. (Throughout Spot barks and snaps at Montana from a safe distance.)

MONTANA
What's this scene?

Gurgle-gurgle-glurg.

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED

MONTANA
Where are we?

Billy is about to succumb. Montana loosens her hold a bit.

MONTANA
Talk, man. Where are we?

BILLY
(gasping)
Tralfamadore.

Montana tightens her grip; Billy's face is purpling.

MONTANA
Don't screw around, buster!

The vise. Farewell, Billy. But she releases her hold, a fraction.

MONTANA
Let's have it straight, do you hear me? Straight!!

BILLY
We are...on a...distant planet.

MONTANA
(tightening)
What's your scene?

BILLY
(gasping)
What?

MONTANA
Is this how you freak out?

BILLY
I assure you....

Unconsciously, Montana has tightened her hold on Billy's throat. It is too much. Billy slumps. And Montana lets him slide to the ground. Spot licks at Billy's face.

SPACE VOICE
Have you mated?

MONTANA
What?

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED - 2

SPACE VOICE
Have you mated?

Now it is really getting to Montana: she is on a trip and her fear becomes mixed with wonderment, a little girl's fear. Her voice turns pleading.

MONTANA
Who are you?

SPACE VOICE
I am a Tralfamadorian.

MONTANA
Look, don't put me on....

SPACE VOICE
You are on Tralfamadore, Miss Wildhack. We have brought you here.

MONTANA
What's this place?

SPACE VOICE
Miss Wildhack, on Earth you would call it a zoo.

MONTANA
Oh, Jesus!

Billy is stirring slightly, beginning to come around... Montana pushes Spot aside, leans over Billy, shrugging her breasts aside to pat his face frantically. He comes to slowly, while Spot growls and cowers.

MONTANA
You're okay?

BILLY
(groggily)
Yeh, yes, I am....

MONTANA
(sharply)
When were you born? What month?

BILLY
What month?

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED - 3

MONTANA
What month?

BILLY
(bewildered)
July.

Is that a slight shade of hope on Montana's face?

MONTANA
What day?

BILLY
The Fourth. The fourth of July.

MONTANA
You are practical, straightforward, with a belief in others based on your own integrity and almost compulsive honesty....

Billy gapes up at her.

MONTANA
(proclaiming)
You are a Moon Child!

He sits up.

BILLY
I'm what?

MONTANA
A Moon Child, that's your sign. Were you born in the morning or the afternoon? It doesn't matter, I don't have my charts.

Billy is face to face with Montana's heaving chest.

BILLY
Miss Wildhack, would you like something to wear?

Montana looks at him anew, almost tenderly.

MONTANA
Yes. Thank you very much.

Billy rises and goes to an inexpensive dresser, opens a drawer, while Montana, behind him:

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED - 4

MONTANA
I was down in Palm Springs, at the home of a producer friend of mine, sunning myself by the pool -- that's why I'm like this, I don't want halter marks, naturally -- and all of a sudden it was like a ray and....

Billy has fished a pair of men's pajamas out of the drawer and hands them to Montana.

BILLY
That's all I can offer....

MONTANA
Thanks.

As she puts on the pajamas:

BILLY
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt you.

MONTANA
That's all there is. Next thing I was here. How long have you been here?

BILLY
It's hard to say. You see, they have some very strange concepts of time up here.

Montana has finished putting on the pajamas; they are much too snug.

MONTANA
What's it like?

BILLY
Much too tight.

MONTANA
I mean...this place.

BILLY
Oh. Well, I don't know, because we can't leave the dome.

SPACE VOICE
The atmosphere of Tralfamadore is cyanide. It would be fatal to you to leave the dome.

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED - 5

MONTANA
This is it?

BILLY
I'm afraid so.

MONTANA
How long will they keep us here?

BILLY
I don't know.

SPACE VOICE
You are here, you have always been here, and you will always be here.

MONTANA
Is he trying to blow my mind?

BILLY
No. It all makes sense -- in a way.

MONTANA
God!

SPACE VOICE
Would you please mate now?

BILLY
We're not going to put on a show for you. That's one thing. Another is, I demand you get Miss Wildhack some clothing....

SPACE VOICE
If she is cold, we can always regulate the temperature....

BILLY
You get her some decent clothing, damn you!

SPACE VOICE
Do you know what it costs....

BILLY
Damn you, you brought her here. Now treat her like a lady!

There is a long silence. Montana's eyes are shining with gratitude. Spot is growling. Finally:

BILLY
Well?

221 CONTINUED - 6

SPACE VOICE
You are being very difficult.

BILLY
(commanding)
You get down to Earth and bring Miss Wildhack a complete wardrobe. And one that fits.
(to Montana)
What's your size?

MONTANA
I take a sixteen. But then I have to take it in...here...and let it out a little here. So, hon, they'll have to bring needle and thread....

BILLY
Did you hear that?

SPACE VOICE
Yes, we heard.

MONTANA
And scissors.

BILLY
Scissors. And listen, don't go to Sears & Roebuck. Go to Saks and....
(he glances toward Montana)

MONTANA
Magnin's is okay, if they know what to look for. Geez, I hope they won't be too conservative.

BILLY
Did you hear that?

SPACE VOICE
You are being extremely difficult.

BILLY
Miss Wildhack is used to the best.

MONTANA
Thanks....
(searches)

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED - 7

BILLY
Billy.
(up)
Now we would like the night canopy.

SPACE VOICE
Why do you wish the night canopy?

BILLY
Because we want it.

SPACE VOICE
Will you mate?

BILLY
We hardly know each other. Do you mind if we take the time to get better acquainted?

SPACE VOICE
You are acting very unnaturally.

BILLY
(spacing it)
We would like the night canopy.

A long moment.

SPACE VOICE
Very well.

The night canopy falls. Darkness in the dome, almost total. We get a sense of shapes moving, throughout:

BILLY
Would you like to sit on the couch?

MONTANA
Where is it?

BILLY
Just take my hand. Here. Oooops, I'm sorry.

MONTANA
That's all right. You have a small hand.

BILLY
I....

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED - 8

MONTANA
But it's strong.

BILLY
Thank you. Careful.

They sit down.

BILLY
(worried)
It's pretty comfortable, isn't it?

MONTANA
It's fine.

BILLY
They got everything from Sears & Roebuck. Get away, Spot.

Spot whines.

MONTANA
He's not bothering me. C'mere, Spot. I like dogs.

BILLY
He's...friendly.

Spot growls, satisfied.

MONTANA
I appreciate what you said to them. About me.

BILLY
Thank you, Miss Wildhack.

MONTANA
Montana.

BILLY
Montana.

MONTANA
You don't meet many gentlemen in the entertainment business.

BILLY
I'm an optometrist.

MONTANA
Oh.

221 CONTINUED - 9

Silence.

MONTANA
Do you want to kiss me?

Moment.

BILLY
Yes.

MONTANA
Will they turn the lights on?

BILLY
I don't know. I have to tell you that.

MONTANA
Most men would lie about it, but you can't. You're a Moon Child. I groove with Moon Children. Honesty, complete honesty, that's something I really dig.

A long kiss.

MONTANA
You kiss nicely.

BILLY
Thank you.

Another kiss. A muffled sound.

MONTANA
Did I hurt you?

BILLY
No. No.
(moment)
Oh!

Sounds of heavy breathing. A silence.

SPACE VOICE
Mr. Pilgrim?
(no answer)
Miss Wildhack?
(no answer)
Are you mating now?

BLACK

222 EXT. DRESDEN RUINS - 1945

Darkness: Then -- the b.g. turns blue. A sky. In it appears a ballet dancer, slender and graceful, turning slowly.

DERBY'S VOICE
Billy, look!

We pull back to see Derby, straightening up from a pile of rubble, holding out a porcelain figurine of a ballet dancer.

DERBY
(excited)
Look! Not a chip! It's perfect! And it's exactly the same as the one we had at home.

BILLY
The one your son Johnnie broke?

DERBY
How'd you know about that?

BILLY
A letter you wrote home.

DERBY
Oh yes. Isn't that a miracle, Billy?
(holding figurine, smiling)
All this destruction, and this little dancer survived? Intact? Just the way it was in our living room at home. It's a miracle, Billy!

BILLY
I guess it is.

DERBY
I'll bring it home to Meg. Can you imagine how her eyes will light up?

Derby carefully pockets the figurine.

Almost immediately a German Guard swoops down on Derby, calling to another. There is a spate of German, bewildering to Derby and Billy, (as it should be initially to the audience).

222 CONTINUED

Derby is grabbed roughly as a third German comes up, and he is hustled off to a side before Billy can intervene.

The other POWs stop their rummaging to watch. No one understands what is going on; it all seems to be happening swiftly and senselessly, as in a sense it is.

Suddenly, on a command, the Germans drop back, leaving Derby isolated. They raise their weapons.

Billy starts forward, with:

BILLY
Wait!

The Germans fire.

BILLY
STOP!

Derby crumples, falls. Billy reaches his side; Derby is dead. Wordlessly, stupified, Billy looks up at the German Guard.

GUARD
(in German)
Stealing is forbidden.

Still Billy cannot comprehend. The Guard reaches down, rips the figurine from Derby's pocket, holds it out toward Billy in a gesture strangely resembling Derby's.

GUARD
(in German)
Stealing is forbidden.

Almost carelessly, he throws the figurine away, back onto the rubble. Billy is still incapable of moving. The Guard hits him with the butt of the rifle.

GUARD
(in English)
Work!

CUT TO

223 INT. GEODESIC DOME

Billy is sitting in a chair, his head down. Montana comes out of the bathroom in Tralfamadore, fussing with her dress.

MONTANA
Billy?

CONTINUED

223 CONTINUED

Billy looks up.

MONTANA
Where were you, honey?

Billy shakes his head, smiling not answering.

MONTANA
(to divert him)
Billy, do you like this?

BILLY
Fine.

MONTANA
It's not too tight?

BILLY
A little, maybe.

MONTANA
I'm so big here.

BILLY
I like it.

MONTANA
That's because you're a man.
(an affectionate peck)
I'm going to have to let it out here.

BILLY
Well....

MONTANA
It will give me something to do.
Spot!

Spot looks up from his corner and growls. Both Montana and Billy smile.

BILLY
He always growled at my wife.

MONTANA
Do you miss her?

BILLY
She died. Someone smacked into the rear of her Cadillac and the exhaust fell off....

CONTINUED

223 CONTINUED - 2

MONTANA
Wow!!

BILLY
She died of carbon monoxide poisoning.

MONTANA
Like what they have out there?

BILLY
That's cyanide. It's even worse.

MONTANA
Oh wow!

He sits down beside her.

MONTANA
What did you love most about her?

Billy smiles reflectively, sweetly. But the beat is too long. It appears as if he can't remember a damned thing.

BILLY
Her...pancakes....

Camera pulls back slowly from shot, back up to balcony of zoo as Montana says:

MONTANA
If we had a real stove, Billy, I'd do you an out-a-sight microbiotic souffle.

BILLY
(in love)
I'd like that....

MONTANA
And then, before you returned to Earth to save the world, we could think about having your baby....

BILLY
(to the balcony)
Could we have the Night, please?

The night canopy drops over the dome.

CUT TO

224 STANLEY AND BARBARA - INT. BILLY'S HOUSE

(This is a one speech back track and then a continuation of the first scene)

Barbara and Stanley look at each other, stunned. A look of agreement passes between them, and Stanley starts again, sincerely, sympathetically.

STANLEY
Dad, I guess what Barbara and I would really like to know is would you be willing to see a psychiatrist?

Billy smiles; Stanley is encouraged.

STANLEY
Listen. I have a friend who's not only a doctor, but he's interested in outer space. Why don't the three of us have lunch today?

BILLY
(gently)
Stanley, I'm not going to commit myself to an institution. If it weren't for Tralfamadore, I'd have needed an institution. They might have put me in a zoo up there, but they rescued me from here. For that I'm grateful. Believe me.

STANLEY
Oh, I believe you.

BILLY
(with a slight smile)
No you don't, but I'll tell you anyway: In Tralfamadore I've learned that the world is just a collection of moments all strung together in beautiful random order, and that if we're going to survive, it's up to us to concentrate on the good moments, and ignore the bad. My wife died...So it goes. Poor Edgar Derby died, you will die and I will die and so it goes, so it has always gone, and so it will continue to go. Always.

CONTINUED

224 CONTINUED

BILLY (Cont'd)
(pause)
I don't need a doctor, Stanley. In Tralfamadore you learn to accept all aspects of yourself, and to know that you're constantly changing. And besides, I...I'm in love up there.

Barbara opens her mouth, but can say nothing. Stanley nods gravely.

STANLEY
Well, listen, I'd like you to come out and eat with us anyway.

Billy shakes his head and stands.

BILLY
I'll be very busy. Montana's pregnant.

He gives Barbara a peck on the cheek. He takes the typewritten letter and walks into the hallway.

BARBARA
What's her name?

BILLY
Montana Wildhack.

BARBARA
(name rings a distant bell)
Montana Wildhack?

STANLEY
That's the Hollywood starlet who disappeared.

BARBARA
Omigod!

Stanley follows Billy into the hall.

STANLEY
Dad?
(Billy stops)
Listen, if you go back and forth in time do you...go into the future too?

BILLY
Oh yes. Frequently.

224 CONTINUED - 2

STANLEY
(this is a bit awkward)
Well how far do you go, I mean do you go ---

BILLY
(smiles)
All the way to my death? Yes. I've seen it many times. I die, have died, and always will die on February 13th, 1986.

Barbara comes to stand alongside Stanley. Even she shuts up at this.

BILLY
A lot of things have taken place by that time. This country has been divided into twenty petty nations. Chicago has been hydrogen bombed by angry Chinamen. Actually when I die I am in Philadelphia addressing a crowd on this very subject...
(he refers to his latest letter to the editor which he holds in his hand)
Time -- as they understand it in Tralfamadore. You see....

225 INT. AUDITORIUM - 1986

His voice now begins to echo as if he were addressing a crowd in a stadium.

We see Billy from the rear and, before him, thousands of faces, their features indistinguishable and blurred.

BILLY
...in Tralfamadore, where I presently dwell, life has no beginning, no middle and no end...An example: Many years ago, a certain man promised to have me killed.

We see Billy, as he addresses the multitudes: his face is radiant, beatific. He is in his mid-sixties.

CONTINUED

225 CONTINUED

BILLY
...He is an old man now, living not far from here. He has read all the publicity associated with my appearance in your fair city. He is insane. Tonight...he will keep his promise.

Words of protest from the crowd. Billy shakes his head, holds up his hands.

BILLY
If you protest, if you think that death is a terrible thing, then you've not understood what I've said....

We start to zoom to the audience. As the camera begins to distinguish features, the faces become familiar.

BILLY
You see, it is time for you to go home to your wives and children, and it is time for me to be dead for a little while -- and then live again.

A figure in the audience, old and shaking, raises a laser gun at Billy.

BILLY
I give you the Tralfamadorian greeting -- hello, farewell, hello, farewell...hello, farewell....

The creaking figure is Paul Lazzaro, also in his late sixties, but still wearing his World War II outfit.

We see Billy in the cross hairs of the laser gun.

BILLY
Eternally connected, eternally embracing, hello, farewell, hello, farewell....

The gun is fired.

Billy's image disintegrates, with hello, farewell, hello, farewell receding slowly.

Then we see Lazzaro putting down his gun.

LAZZARO
(in a shaking voice)
Nobody fucks around with Paul Lazzaro.... (X)

226 EXT. STREET IN DRESDEN SUBURBS - DAY

A coffin-shaped green wagon, attached to two spavined nags, is drawn up in a lane in one of the suburbs of Dresden. Some of the houses are intact, and almost all the rubble has been cleared. There is a fuzzed green on whatever trees are standing.

Billy is seated in the back of the wagon. It is Spring. He is happy and warm. There is food in the wagon, and there is wine. And odd objects ransacked from homes: a stuffed owl, some cameras, binoculars, etc. There are U.S. guards in evidence.

SOLDIER'S VOICE
Pilgrim!

Billy scrambles to his feet, blinking at:

An American POW is wrestling a huge grandfather clock out of one of the houses.

SOLDIER
Pilgrim!

Billy clambers out of the wagon, staggers half-drunkenly to the doorway of the house.

BILLY
What are we going to do with that?

SOLDIER
Take it with us, souvenirs. Sell 'em on the boat! C'mon!

Billy grabs one end of the clock, and they start staggering toward the wagon.

BILLY
Gee, we've got a lot of stuff already. If we get caught....

SOLDIER
Who's gonna catch us? The krauts have all left. Somebody else'll take it if we don't.

They are staggering toward the wagon, heedless of the sound of motorcycles, and now unheeding the appearance of two motorcycles at the head of the lane. Two motorcycles with sidecars, the drivers sinister in their goggles, the soldiers in the sidecars carrying submachine guns at full readiness.

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED

They are roaring down the lane as Billy and the Soldier reach the wagon, starting to heave the clock into it. The Soldier notices the motorcycles bearing down on them.

SOLDIER
Take off!

He is taking off already, letting go his end of the clock. It hits the ground hard. Billy is left alone, holding one end of the clock, as the motorcycles ship to a halt, the soldiers leaping out of the sidecars.

Convulsively, Billy raises his hands, the clock crashing to the ground. It begins striking madly, unrhythmically. The soldiers leap at Billy. And one of them wraps his arms around him, while the other shouts:

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
(in Russian)
American soldiers...friends...
the war is over, friends, peace,
happiness....

SECOND RUSSIAN SOLDIER
(simultaneously; in
Russian)
Friends, comrades, brothers....

He continues to babble in Billy's ear....

SECOND RUSSIAN SOLDIER
Comrades, brothers, the war is over,
friends.

The motorcyclists are staring up, their goggles still on, their motors revving, snarling, in counterpoint to the delerium in the wagon. The clock is striking. And the First Russian Soldier has picked up a bottle of wine, holds it out to Billy.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
Deutschland kaput...krieg kaput...
trenk...trenk....

Billy takes the bottle, swallows, almost retches as one of the Russian soldiers pounds him heartily on the back.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
Amerikanski....

BILLY
Russian....

CONTINUED

226 CONTINUED - 2

SECOND RUSSIAN SOLDIER
(pointing to self)
Russki...
(to Billy)
Amerikanski....

He embraces him again.

BILLY
(in the hug of the bear)
Russki...Amerikanski...friendski... friendski....

He takes another swig of the bottle, before it is comandeered by one of the Russian soldiers.

Then they vault out of the wagon, leaving Billy alone, as they leap into their motorcycles, firing a couple of exuberant shots into the air, roaring off down the lane.

Billy is alone in the wagon, the clock still striking insanely. He is dazed, and he is so happy, and he hears:

MONTANA'S VOICE
Billy?...Billy?...I've just had a boy!

Billy weeps with a transport of joy, which takes him to:

227 ZOOM ON TRALFAMADORE

Billy is looking down on Montana and the baby, crying tears of happiness.

BILLY
What shall we call him?

MONTANA
Billy, of course. Anyway, even if he doesn't look too much like you, he's got your name.

Billy tries to figure it out. Montana doesn't want him to ponder too deeply, and pulls him to her.

CUT TO

228 INFANT BILLY JR.

is squawling.

CONTINUED

228 CONTINUED

Montana unbuttons her dress, hauls out her breast and with a beatific expression gives him mother's milk, watches beside them.

The Tralfamadorians go wild with applause. Billy and Montana look up happily, and acknowledge with waves and smiles the plaudits of the universe.

FADE OUT

THE END